★ July 11, 1953

THE NEW YORKER

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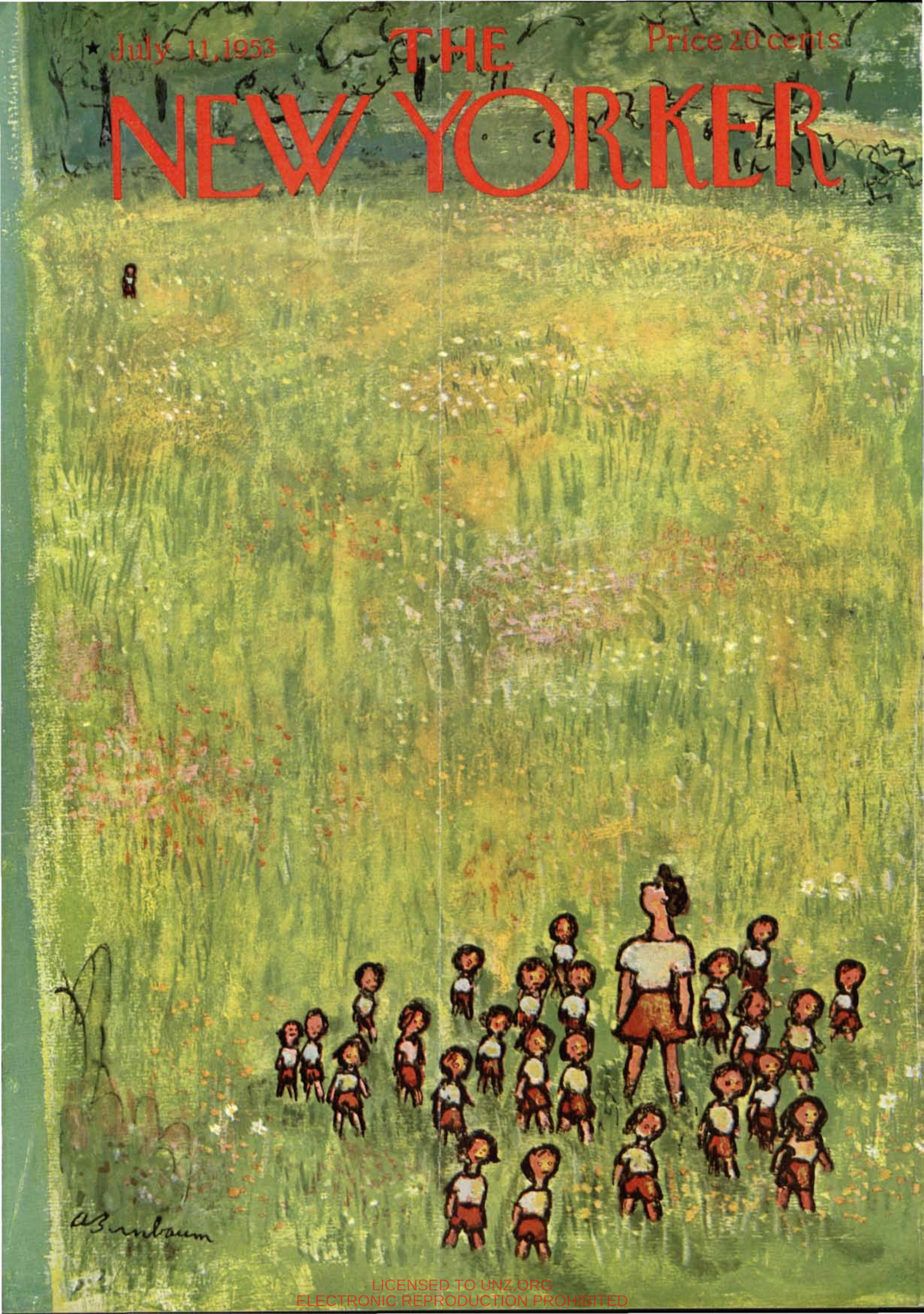

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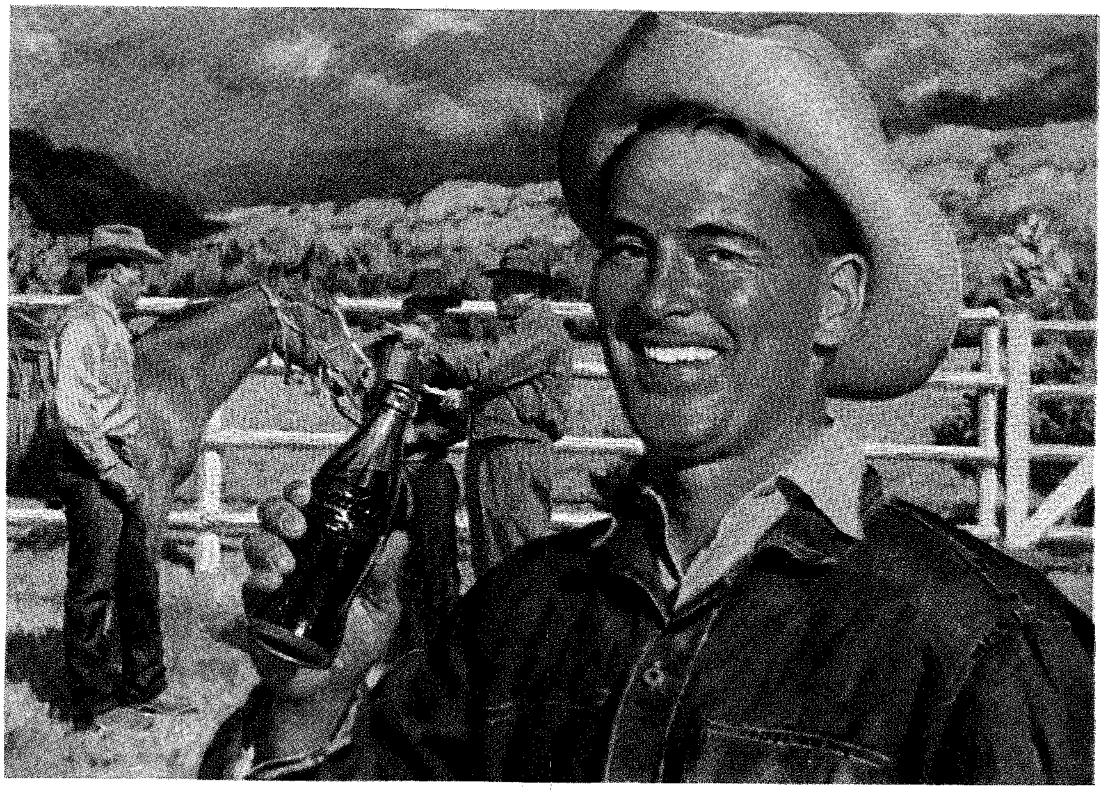

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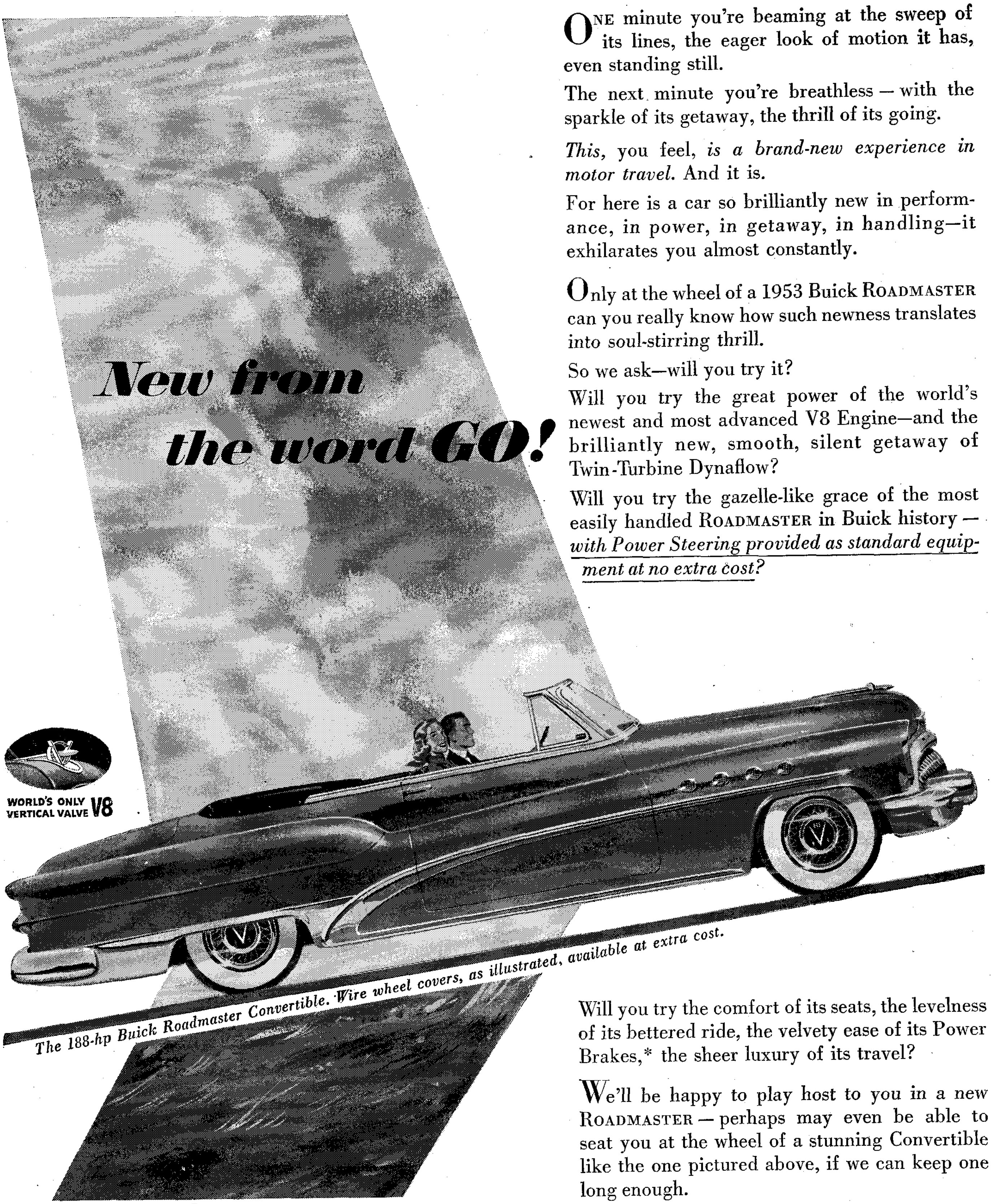
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Crucible—It is hard to say what contemporary reference Arthur Miller had in mind in this play that has to do with the Salem witchcraft trials, but in any case he has written a moving and impressive piece. The cast is headed by E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, and Philip Coolidge. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 11.)

Dial "M" for Murder—A solid British mystery, by Frederick Knott, in which Maurice Evans figures as a gentleman who wants his wife out of the way. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fifth Season—Menasha Skulnik has the leading role in this comedy about the garment industry, and his acting is just about the only thing deserving of your respectful attention. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

My 3 Angels—Sam and Bella Spewack have made an extremely humorous item from this French play about three convicts in Cayenne who have their own ideas about justice. Walter Slezak, Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler are especially praiseworthy in the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Picnic—All the ladies of a small Kansas town are comparatively placid until sex turns up in the shape of a prepossessing young bum. William Inge's superior play, directed by Joshua Logan, has a talented cast that includes Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Seven Year Itch—A comedy, by George Axelrod, about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. It's one of the happiest things in town. Tom Ewell plays the distracted hero, and the ladies in his life are Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Can-Can—The excellent choreography of Michael Kidd and the ingenious sets of Jo Mielziner are the chief assets of this glimpse of the Montmartre in the good old days, and Motley's costumes are a help, too. But the book by Abe Burrows and the music of Cole Porter are below scratch. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hazel Flagg—Closed for the moment. Will return to the Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W., on Tuesday, Sept. 1.

Me and Juliet—Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers love the theatre, as well they might, but in this tribute to their love, done in the form of a play within a play, the partners are hardly at the top of their game. Fortunately, though, the dances arranged by Robert Alton are consistently diverting, and the sets of Jo Mielziner are marvels of intricacy. Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—This third appearance of the Gershwin-Heyward classic is even better than its predecessors. LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes alternate in the role of Porgy; Bess is played by Leontyne Price and Urylee Leonardos; Cab Calloway is Sportin' Life; and John McCurry takes the part of Crown. Robert Breen is the director, and Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra, as he did both times before. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wonderful Town—Rosalind Russell shows that she is an astonishingly gifted comedienne, if not a spectacular singer and dancer, in this revival of "My Sister Eileen." Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov again handled the book, Leonard Bernstein composed the music, Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the lyrics, and George Abbott is responsible for the excellent direction. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—the king and i: A royal Siamese (Yul Brynner) and his court, taken in hand by a strong-willed English teacher, played by Constance Carpenter. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Will probably last forever, if the birth rate holds up. George Britton and Martha Wright play the leads. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wish you were here:** Arthur Kober's comedy "Having Wonderful Time," fitted up for the musical stage. With Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, and Leo de Lyon. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Theatre de Lys—The engagement of this four-week repertory of plays has been extended two weeks. Percy MacKaye's "The Scarecrow," with Douglas Watson, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson, is the final production. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 19.)

Jones Beach Theatre—Michael Todd's "A Night in Venice," back for a second season. Ruth and Thomas Martin did this adaptation of the Johann Strauss operetta; Jack Russell, Nola Fairbanks, and Thomas Hayward head the enormous cast, which even includes swimmers and acrobats; the place is alive with gondolas; and the finale is touched off by a burst of fireworks. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 5-9220.)

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THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, July 11: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: Edward Everett Horton in "Nina." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Bar Harbor—Through Saturday, July 11: Wayne Morris in "Mister Roberts." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: "The Moon Is Blue." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, July 11: "The Great Big Doorstep." Wednesday through Saturday, July 15-18: "The Heiress." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 11: Farley Granger in "John Loves Mary." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: "Annie Get Your Gun." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 11: "Brigadoon." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: "Girl Crazy." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, July 11: Ella Raines in "I Am a Camera." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: Marlon Brando in "Arms and the Man." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 5:30.)

Corning—Through Saturday, July 11: "Pygmalion." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: "See How They Run." (Corning Summer Theatre, Corning Glass Center, Corning, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 11: Cedric Hardwicke and Lili Darvas in "Island Visit." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: Betty Furness in "Affairs of State." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Thursday through Saturday, July 16-18: "Here Today." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:40.)

Fayetteville—Through Sunday, July 12: Margaret O'Brien in "Peg o' My Heart." Tuesday through Sunday, July 14-19: Billie Burke in "Life with Mother." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, July 12: "Mister Roberts." Tuesday through Sunday, July 14-19: "The Moon Is Blue." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, July 11: "Annie Get Your Gun." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: Dagmar and Arthur Treacher in "Loco." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20.

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Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, July 11: Brenda Lewis in "Music in the Air." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 11: Viveca Lindfors and Barry Sullivan in "Bell, Book and Candle." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: Ethel Waters in "The Member of the Wedding." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, July 12: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Tuesday through Sunday, July 14-19: "Music in the Air." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, July 12: "Bell, Book and Candle." Tuesday through Sunday, July 14-19: To be announced. (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 11: Marlon Brando in "Arms and the Man." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: Carol Channing in "Pygmalion." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 11: Mary Astor in "Biography." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: Betty Field in "Second Fiddle." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, July 12: Estelle Winwood in "Blithe Spirit." Tuesday through Sunday, July 14-19: Lee Grant in "The Country Girl." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Moylan—Thursday, July 9, at 8:30: "The Affairs of Anatol." Friday, July 10, at 8:30: "The Rivals." Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: "A Phoenix Too Frequent." Tuesday, July 14, at 8:30: "The Affairs of Anatol." Wednesday, July 15, at 8:30: "The Rivals." Thursday and Friday, July 16-17, at 8:30: "Too True to Be Good." Saturday, July 18, at 7:30: "Man and Superman." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 11: "One Thing After Another," a new revue. Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: Philip Bourneuf in "Goodbye Again." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, July 11: Zachary Scott in "The Moon Is Blue." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: "One Thing After Another," a new revue. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, July 11: Barbara Payton and Tom Neal in "The Postman Always Rings Twice." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: Alexis Smith and Victor Jory in "Bell, Book and Candle." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 11: Betty Furness in "Affairs of State." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: Zachary Scott in "The Moon Is Blue." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 12: "Affairs of State." Tuesday through Sunday, July 14-19: "The Milky Way." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 11: "Peg o' My Heart." Starting Wednesday, July 15: "Gramercy Ghost." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, July 11: "Dynamo." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, July 11: Peggy Ann Garner in "The Moon Is Blue." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, July 11: Jerry Lester in "Love in Upper Sandusky," a new comedy. Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: "Mister Roberts." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 11: Alexis Smith and Victor Jory in "Bell, Book and Candle." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: "Claudia." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Saturday, July 11: "Summer and Smoke." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: "Room Service." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Spring Lake—Through Saturday, July 11: "Bell, Book and Candle." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: "The Curious Savage." (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Mondays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 11: Leo G. Carroll in "You Never Can Tell." Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: Fay Bainter in "The Velvet Glove." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westhampton Beach—Monday through Wednesday, July 13-15: "Here Today." (Westhampton Playhouse, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Mondays through Wednesdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 11: Eva Gabor and Tom Helmore in "Sailor's Delight," an adaptation by Lawrence Langner of an English play by Peter Blackmore. Monday through Saturday, July 13-18: "What About Maisie?," a new play. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 12: "The Man with a Load of Mischief." Tuesday through Sunday, July 14-19: "Mr. Pim Passes By." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

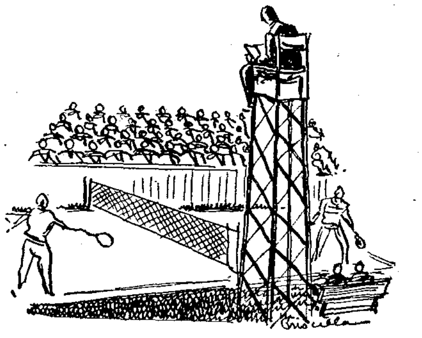
Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday and Saturday, July 10-11: Choreographer's Workshop. Thursday through Saturday, July 16-18: John Butler's company, Iva Kitchell, and others. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9, and Thursday, July 16, at 4.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Dancing at dinner and supper in the Garden, which is way down yonder in the middle of the New York Central tracks, to Jules Lande's orchestra. Between times, there's concert piano. Silence on Sundays.



Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—One of the highest peaks in the Manhattan Range. Sammy Kaye's hotel-type dance band overlooks a colossal expanse of waxed floor. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The private airport isn't finished yet, but every other comfort for the customers has been taken care of. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing. Closed Sundays.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The ice show, an innocent art form dating back to Grandma Moses, still flowers in the Terrace Room. Of its kind, this one is a fair enough example. Bernie Cummins' orchestra plays for the customers. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There's music every day for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre. Stanley Worth's quartet is usually responsible.

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to preserving the traditional amenities of dining and dancing in state, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dancing in the Grill to summer-weight music by Lenny Herman's quintet and others. Closed Sundays.

St Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, that beautiful and ornate old valentine, is once again a seething mass of well-bred glee. The bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz conduct a practically non-stop marathon all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—A quartet reports to the cocktail lounge to make music from cocktails through supper. There's also dancing after nine. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A fountain of youth that spouts champagne (not necessarily domestic, either) until around four in the morning. One of Hugo Pedell's orchestras and a rumba band do the music. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Dancing outdoors after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays in a huge courtyard surrounded by all the evidences of countryside except red ants.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Fay DeWitt, always a real bright girl, truly comes of age in the local musical comedy, whose virtues are much greater than its faults. Lou Nelson and Georgie Kaye are pretty funny, too, and Margie Duncan is the principal feature of the décor. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The dance music compiled by Los Chavales de España is so infectious that the boys in the band sometimes get up and dance to it themselves. They also sing with good, solid Spanish rapture. Trini Reyes does some dancing on her own, and Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's orchestras hold forth in between. The locale is the Starlight Roof, where Mr. Borr's band plays until midnight on Sundays, when there's no show.

Note—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room is an intimate aerie the size of the Gobi Desert, but apt to be cooler at this time of year. It's open for cocktails from four to nine. Soft music bubbles forth now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Le Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who once through Tara's halls,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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now makes débutante-type dance music here after eight-thirty. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The luxurious saloon of the Golden (or Volstead) Era, reconstructed with an antiquarian's care. During dinner, Johnny Mehegan plays recondite piano all by himself; at supper, he alternates with Marshall Grant, another handy man. They're off Sundays. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, who arrives at the coffee-and-brandy hour, does quiet but elegant études at the pianoforte every night except Monday. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey turns out calm, collected piano in this thoroughly upholstered manse at dinner and after the theatre. Sundays, the instrument is in the hands of John Kelley, Jr. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): All Latins appear to be lively lovers of music, which gushes forth all evening in this Spanish restaurant. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Surrounded by the handiwork of some fancy-free decorators, Herman Arminski plays piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield at dinner and supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Life in a relaxed and happy coeducational youth hostel, where anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): An agelong show, involving Dominique, a fascinating demonstrator of the art of picking pockets; Jimmy Nelson, who brings to the shopworn field of ventriloquism a superb technical skill; and Joyce Bryant, a singer so vehemently dynamic that she makes love, the subject of her disquisitions, seem a fairly scary pastime. The Copa dancing girls, gaily accoutred in plenty of nothing, toil not, though they do occasionally spin. . . . **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Another enormous marchpast, the best part of which is the lordly Hudson, spotlighted only by the moon. Among the other ingredients are Connie Russell, who sings, and the Will Mastin trio and Sammy Davis, Jr., who do the dances and the jokes.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): There is excellent fooling by Orson Bean, who believes that the shaggy joke is man's best friend; the Three Riffs, whose lyrics are full of the damnedest double takes; and Ceil Cabot, a wild and wonderful new woolwit. The romance is supplied by the handsome voice of Felicia Sanders, the double piano of the eminent Eadie and Rack, and Bart Howard's solo piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Jane Dulo, an upstanding Amazon, lays down some elementary rules about the battle of the sexes; Marshall Izen and his puppets give grand opera a *reductio ad absurdum*; Janet Brace, a gentle sparrow of a jazz singer, also exhibits an original flair for ballads; and the Jackson Sisters, three youthful seraphim, sing quiet jive with great aplomb and greater charm. The unique and glittering music of Norman Paris and his virtuoso trio gives the whole deal an extra dimension. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Youngsters up for tryouts in the big leagues are underfoot here. Two are Marsh and Fields, humorists, whose last night is Sunday, July 12; the other is Marijane Maricle, singer, who's off that night and closes next evening. On Tuesday, July 14, a new show, in which Mildred Cook will tell the jokes and Robert Held will do the ballads. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play double piano, and Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): A *petite histoire* of love life among the moderns. The words and music are by such belletrists as Alec Wilder and Bart Howard; their sounding board, cool but persuasive, is Mabel Mercer. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. The place is above the often raucous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A fine tantivy that reaches its peak in the small hours. The contributors are the diva called Mae Barnes, who could literally be described as a howling success; Jimmie Daniels, whose ditties are man-of-the-world romantic; Alice Ghostley and G. Wood, whose recitations, all very prankish, are like nothing else on land or in the sea; Oliver Wakefield, a raffish lecturer on contemporary mores; and the Three Flames, whose jump tunes, especially when Tiger Haines garnishes them with words, are complete existentialism. Only the piano of Garland Wilson and Norene Tate is ever unruffled. Closed every Monday for alterations. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josh White and his bagful of old American folk songs, all done to a crisp turn, as well as dance music by Roy Eldridge's quartet. The rest of the noise is provided by the customers.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this hallowed landmark, Wild Bill Davison's horn leads the other muskrats (Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, and sometimes Mr. Condon) a merry ramble. During the interludes, Joe Sullivan gives the piano the very best of care. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The three-platoon system is getting a big-time workout here. From six to twelve, one of the most joyful of the new quartets (Jo Jones, Hank Jones, Tyree Glenn, Tommy Potter) rattles along. From nine to dawn, Eddie Heywood's stalwart trio helps break the peace. At midnight, Barbara Carroll, an exotic specimen of night-blooming flora, brings her modernist chamber-music trio (Joe Shulman and Herb Wasserman) over from "Me and Juliet." Closed Sundays, and no wonder. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, pride of the South Chicago Conservatory of Music, has herded his mob back to town. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Zutty Singleton, all good men and true, are right off the boat—the New Orleans stern-wheeler, that is. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Bud Powell is playing his usual out-of-this-world piano. There's a lot of other less important music, too, such as Lester Young's quintet and Billy Eckstine's florid singing. On Thursday, July 16, a new show, including Illinois Jacquet and Dizzy Gillespie. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis and his tailgaters huff and puff in admirable fashion in the grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until two or so, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, July 12, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, there'll be a jam session. Dancing. . . . **BANDBOX**, 1680 Broadway (CI 5-5970): This worthy, if outsize, project for bringing music to the millions is now offering Duke Ellington's and Count Basie's bands, which add up to a fairly high protein diet. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **JACK DEMPSEY'S**, 1619 Broadway (CO 5-7875): On Thursday, July 16, George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, and several others will check into this veteran chophouse. Their early Americana will be on tap after eleven every night but Sunday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, the jazz of the new Douglas Duke trio, which is lighthearted, inventive, and so progressive as to be way out in deep left field. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, it is reliably reported, there'll be local thunderstorms by Red Allen, Jimmy Archey, Willie the Lion Smith, Sonny Greer, and Johnny Windhurst. Dancing.

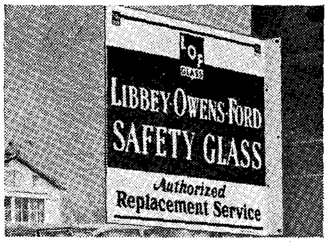
DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.**: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.**: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.**: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.**: Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing on Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.**: Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (WEstbury

Approaching picturesque Menemsha, a famous little fishing village on Martha's Vineyard Island off Massachusetts.

WHAT A RELIEF!



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Put yourself here, where your eyes are *protected* from the nagging strain of glare. Glare is everywhere you drive—blinding sun and sky brightness, sharp reflections and oncoming headlights. What a *relief,* to be shielded by a *shaded* windshield of E-Z-EYE Safety *Plate* Glass.

Light blue-green, with a deeper tone at the top of the windshield, E-Z-EYE gives you cool, clear shade to drive in, easy and relaxed. And with E-Z-EYE Safety *Plate* Glass in all your windows you'll feel cooler in summer because solar radiation through this glass is much less than through ordinary windows.

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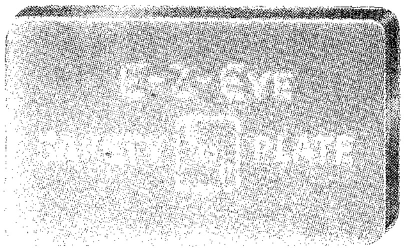
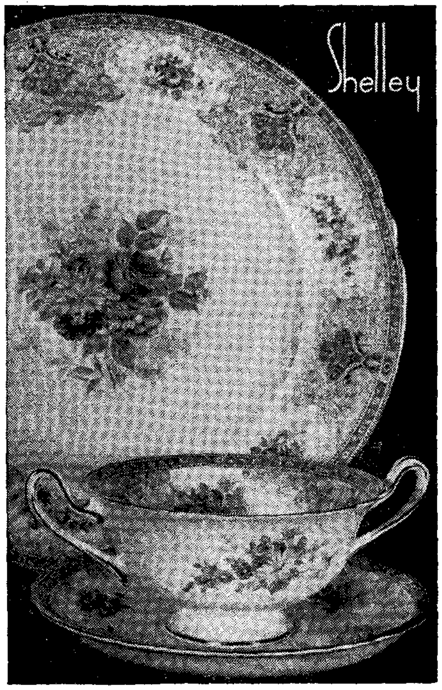
Reduces Glare, Eyestrain, Sun Heat



ALL L·O·F SAFETY GLASS IS GRADE-MARKED
If the word PLATE isn't etched on your car windows, they aren't safety *Plate* glass.



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SHOP AT SMITH'S

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7-2184).... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Landscapes of France—Oils and other works, chosen with a good eye for charm, by an array of artists that ranges from Claude Lorrain to the Impressionists; through Sept. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.)

Primitive Medicine—A generally engrossing collection of masks, amulets, and more practical implements used by primitive tribes for the purpose of healing; through July 31. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: A minor survey of art in this country over the last hundred years, with canvases by Whistler, Eakins, Prendergast, and others, as well as by eighteen present-day artists; through Aug. 31.... **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Park: The annual summer members' show, with over a hundred works in a variety of mediums; through Sept. 7. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors, by such gallery members as Leo Quanchi, Henry Kallem, Joseph Kaplan, Charles Heidenreich, and Sam Weinik, all of which have been exhibited in museum shows; through July 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: "Fact and Fantasy, 1953" is the name of this summer show, which has oils by Peter Busa, William Halsey, A. H. Maurer, and eleven others; through Aug. 14.... **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Mostly new, unshown sculptures and constructions in stone, wood, steel, and other mediums, by Clark Winter, Sahl Swarz, William Muir, Dorothea Greenbaum, and others; through July 18. (Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: The first exhibition in this country of paintings by Alexandre Garbell, plus recent works by Yoram Kaniuk, Bruno Krauskopf, and others; through July 22.... **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Chiefly oils, by Renato Guttuso and by such Americans as Peter Blanc and Charles Shucker; through July 15.... **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: This show combines the paintings and sculptures of Americans (Erle Loran, Joseph Glasco, Kay Sage, and others) with those of such Italians as Afro, Leonardo Cremonini, and Renato Birolli; through July 24.

Europeans; Group Shows—At **CADBY-BIRCH**, 21 E. 63rd St.: Twenty or so paintings by Campigli, Miori, Morandi, and others whose work was displayed here last winter; through July 31. . . . **THE CONTEMPORARIES**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Eighteen little-known lithographs by as many well-known artists, in a survey ranging from an 1890 Degas to a 1953 De Staël, and including examples by Renoir, Bonnard, Vuillard, Klee, and Picasso; through July 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.) . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: French masters, among them Chagall, Soutine, Rouault, and Utrillo; through July 15.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A selection, from the Museum's collection, of Winslow Homer's water colors on the subject of vacations, plus an oil called "In the White Mountains;" through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Hundreds of archeological items and art objects from Israeli collections, many of them only recently discovered in Palestine, in an exhibit that traces the history of Biblical countries from prehistoric times through the Byzantine period. Included are a seven-ton porphyry statue of a Roman emperor (circa 200 A.D.), a Neanderthal skull, and ancient manuscripts, implements, weapons, and pottery. Also seventy-five paintings by Reuven Rubin, Moshe Mokady, and five other Israeli artists. Both shows are travelling exhibitions presented by the American Fund for Israel Institutions. Through Sept. 7.... ¶ An absorbing display of Rembrandt paintings, drawings, and prints, most of them from the Museum's collection. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

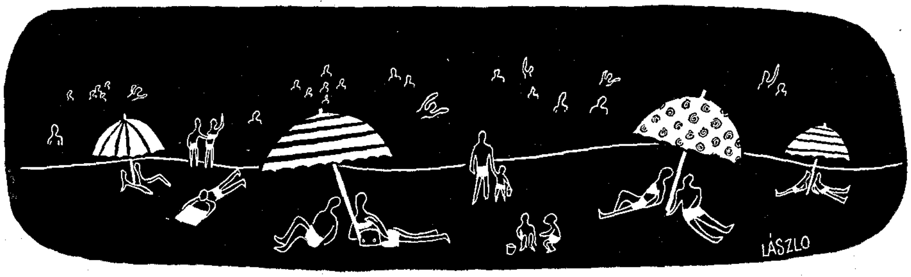
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Sculpture of the Twentieth Century," a handsome, informative loan show, documenting the development of modern sculpture since the turn of the century; through Sept. 7.... ¶ Mondrian, Klee, and Brancusi are among those represented in a showing of oils and sculptures that have been left to the Museum by Katherine S. Dreier; through Sept. 20.... ¶ A group of American prints make up another exhibit of the Museum's recent acquisitions; through Aug. 2. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The second in a series of airings of the Museum's permanent collection of modern Europeans, particularly valuable for the number of lesser-known early figures it brings to light; through Sept. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Close to forty water colors of Israel (1951) and twenty-five sculptures dating back to 1931, all by Chaim Gross; through July 30.... ¶ A retrospective exhibition of drawings by Abraham Walkowitz assembled from the Museum's collection and ranging from early detailed sketches to more recent abstractions; through July 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

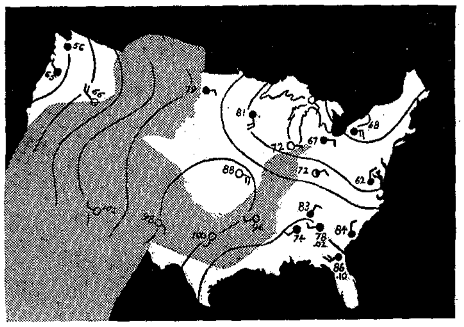
IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: New oils, water colors, sculptures, and other works assembled from art schools throughout the country; through Sept. 28. (Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.) . . . **CANAAN, N.Y.** Berkshire Art Center: Tamayo, Laufman, and Rattner are some of the artists on the roster here in an exhibit of over sixty oils in a variety of styles; through Sept. 5. (Daily, 3 to 6.) . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: An exhibition made up of works from the collections of East Hampton residents; through July 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Tuesday evenings, 7 to 10.) . . . **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: New York and Connecticut artists are the contributors to the annual summer jury show here; through July 26. (Daily, 1 to 5, and Friday evenings until 9.) . . . **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: A mixed-mediums showing that includes pieces by Garrett Price, Kenneth Bates, Robert Brackman, and others; through Aug. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30.) . . . **NEWPORT, R.I.** Art Association of Newport: The annual group show, this one with paintings and sculptures by contemporary American artists; through July 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Ogunquit Art Association: Robert Laurent, Henry Strater, Edward Betts, William Zorach—around fifty artists in all—represented by oils, water colors, prints, and sculptures; through July 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 12 and 1 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Center: Over four hundred oils and



It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

Don't shoot the Weatherman



We don't know about the weather where you live, but in our town this year people seem to bemoan the weather more than usual.

Weather has always been a billion-dollar thief. Hurricanes . . . dust storms . . . tornadoes . . . floods . . . hail . . . crops washed away, blown away, or burned. Millions of dollars just to tidy up after weather has paid its visit.

The unknown facts about winds, waves and weather have long challenged the curiosity of research men. For example, in 1940, studying the composition of smoke, Doctors Langmuir and Schaefer of General Electric were asked to help the government in the improvement of gas masks. Then they developed a white screening smoke to protect our troops from enemy aircraft.

Tougher problems followed. Air Force pilots found that they lost radio contact flying through snowstorms—a condition scientists call "precipitation static." Another headache was the icing of plane wings.

General Electric scientists took these problems to the icy summit of blizzard-swept Mt. Washington, where 60-mile winds and 5-below temperatures are average in winter. There they began to probe deeper into the mysteries of cloud structure and the growth of cloud particles.

At the same time, weather studies continued back in the G-E Research Laboratory. Then came the historic day in November 1946 when a cloud was first persuaded to dump its snow to order—all because it had been fed a few handfuls of dry ice.

The study of precipitation static, then of aircraft icing, had developed through cloud studies to the first "man-made weather."

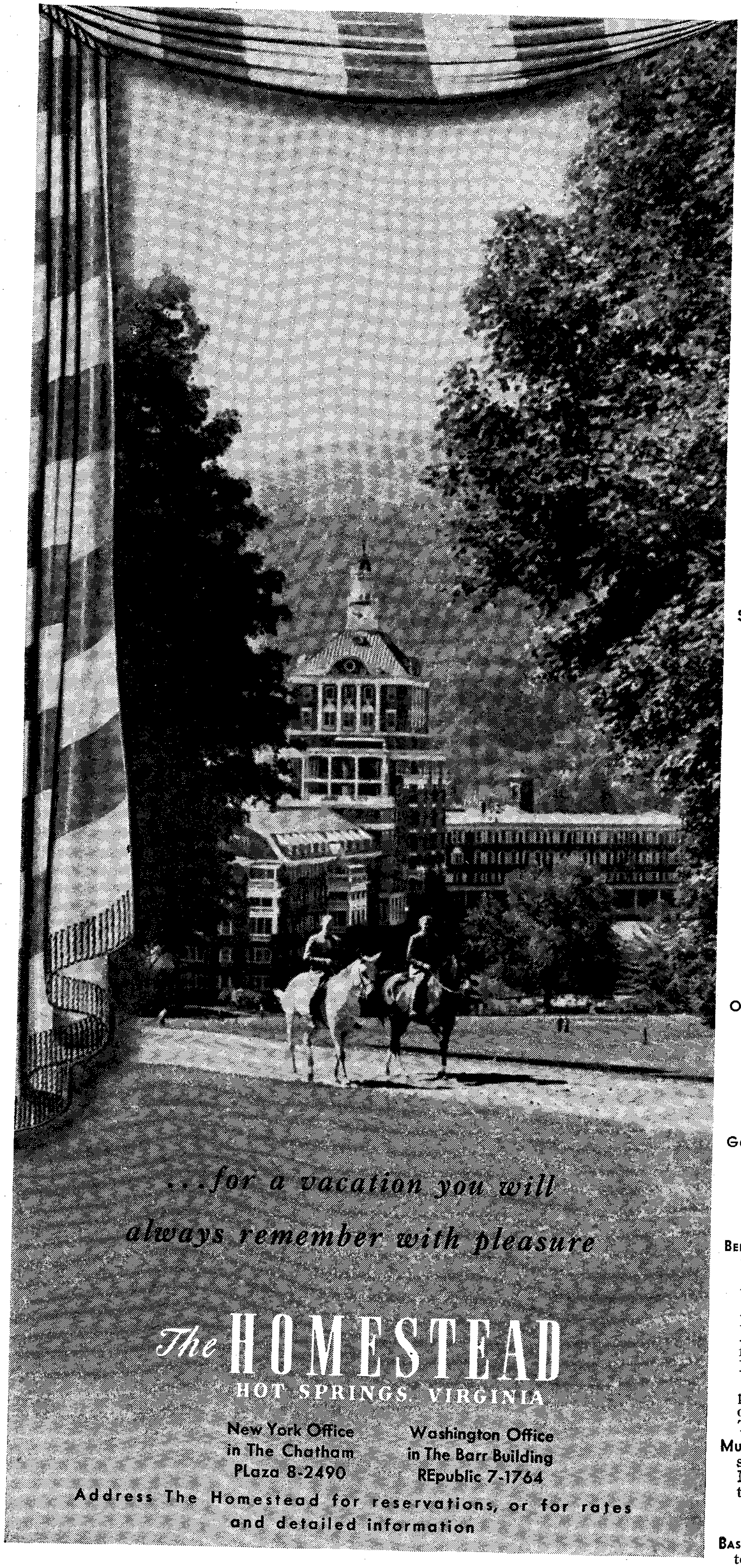
Because of its importance and wide application to the nation generally, all data and control of further experiments were handed over to the government. A contract followed between the military forces and General Electric for more research.

That program has now ended. But not before we had a glimpse into the vital possibilities of making it rain, modifying thunderstorms and hurricanes, clearing ground fogs near airports, preventing hail.

This is but one example of what can happen when research men of experience set about widening the field of man's knowledge.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

water colors by Roy Keister, John Costigan, Arthur Crisp, Eugene Higgins, and around a hundred and fifty others; through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Kootz Gallery: Paintings and pastels by William Baziotes; through July 17. (Daily, 2 to 6.) . . . **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: The first section of the Association's thirty-third annual, comprising paintings, graphics, and sculptures by over a hundred artists, among them Ted Kautzky, Jerri Ricci, Arnold Knauth, and Iver Rose; through July 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.) . . . **SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.** Parrish Museum: A loan show in two parts, with twenty paintings owned by James Thrall Soby, and a collection of about forty water colors and gouaches, from the Museum of Modern Art; through July 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 12:30 and 1:30 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Ganso Gallery: A set of drawings by Emil Ganso, plus oils by Edward Chavez, Karl Fortess, Joseph Meert, Alex Redein, and other gallery members; through July 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Woodstock Artists Association: A show of paintings and sculptures considered by the Association to be too little known; starting July 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30; Sundays, 11 to 3.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 9: Pierre Monteux conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Mischa Elman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11: André Kostelanetz conducting, with Alec Templeton, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, July 13: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Stell Andersen, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 14: Pierre Monteux conducting a program of French music, with Maxim Schapiro, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 15: Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Ossy Renardy, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 16: Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Gershwin program, with Oscar Levant, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18: Alfredo Antonini conducting a program of Italian music, with Herva Nelli, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; Frank Guarrera, baritone; and the Collegiate Chorale. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 1. In the event of rain, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

OPERA—By the **LEMONADE OPERA:** "Don Pedro," by Mozart, with an English libretto by Joseph Longstreth. (Lemonade Opera, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9831. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.) . . . **SALMAGGI OPERA:** A series of six Saturday-night performances is tentatively scheduled to open with "La Traviata." (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, July 11, at 8:45. For tickets, call LA 4-3900.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 16.)

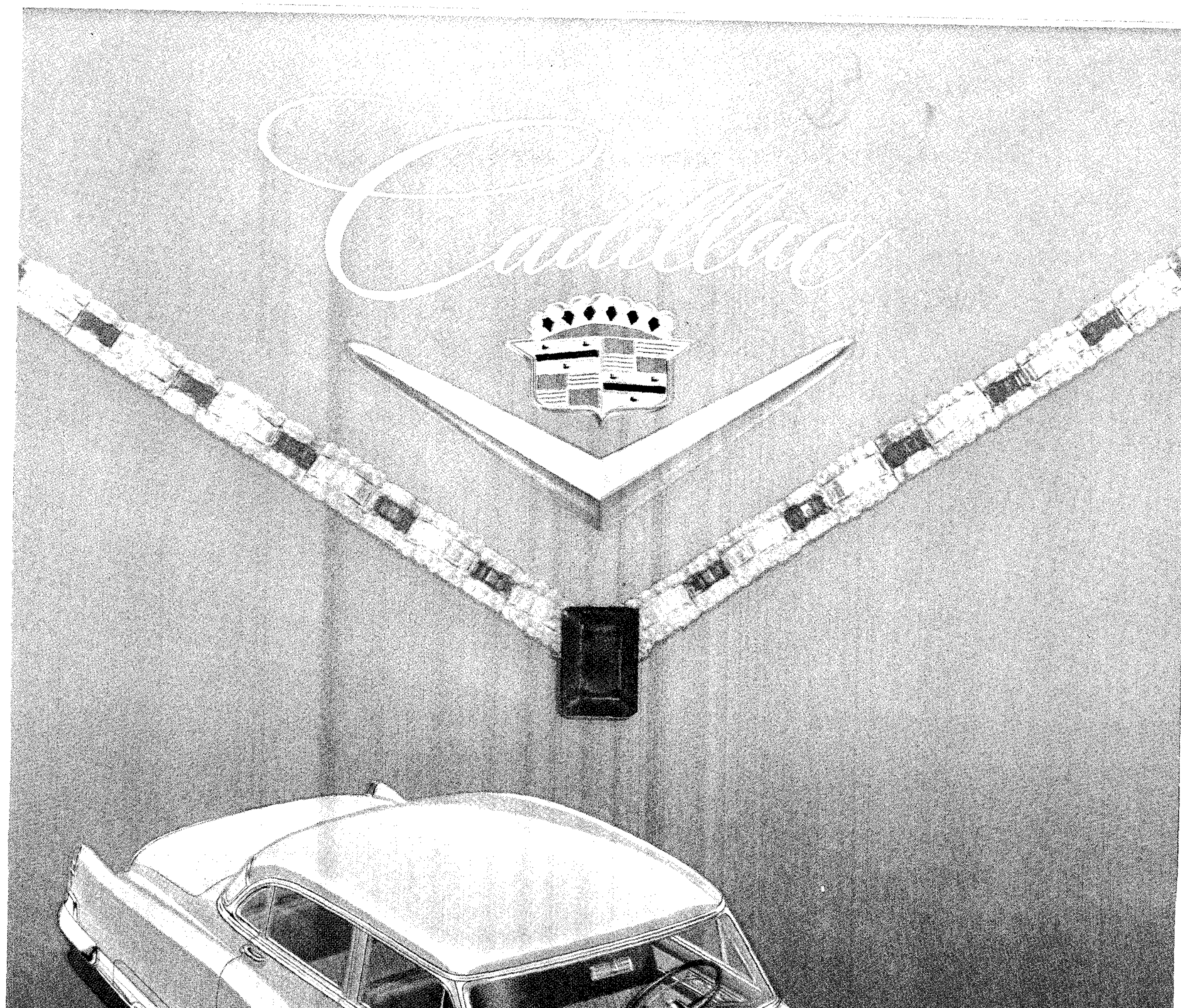
IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Charles Münch conducting the Boston Symphony in the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 16—Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: An all-Bach program, with Lukas Foss, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 2:30: An all-Bach program, with Doriot Anthony, flute. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: An all-Mozart program, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 2:30: An all-Mozart program, with Isaac Stern, violin, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. (Theatre-Concert Hall, Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4; through Sept. 6.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday, July 9, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs.



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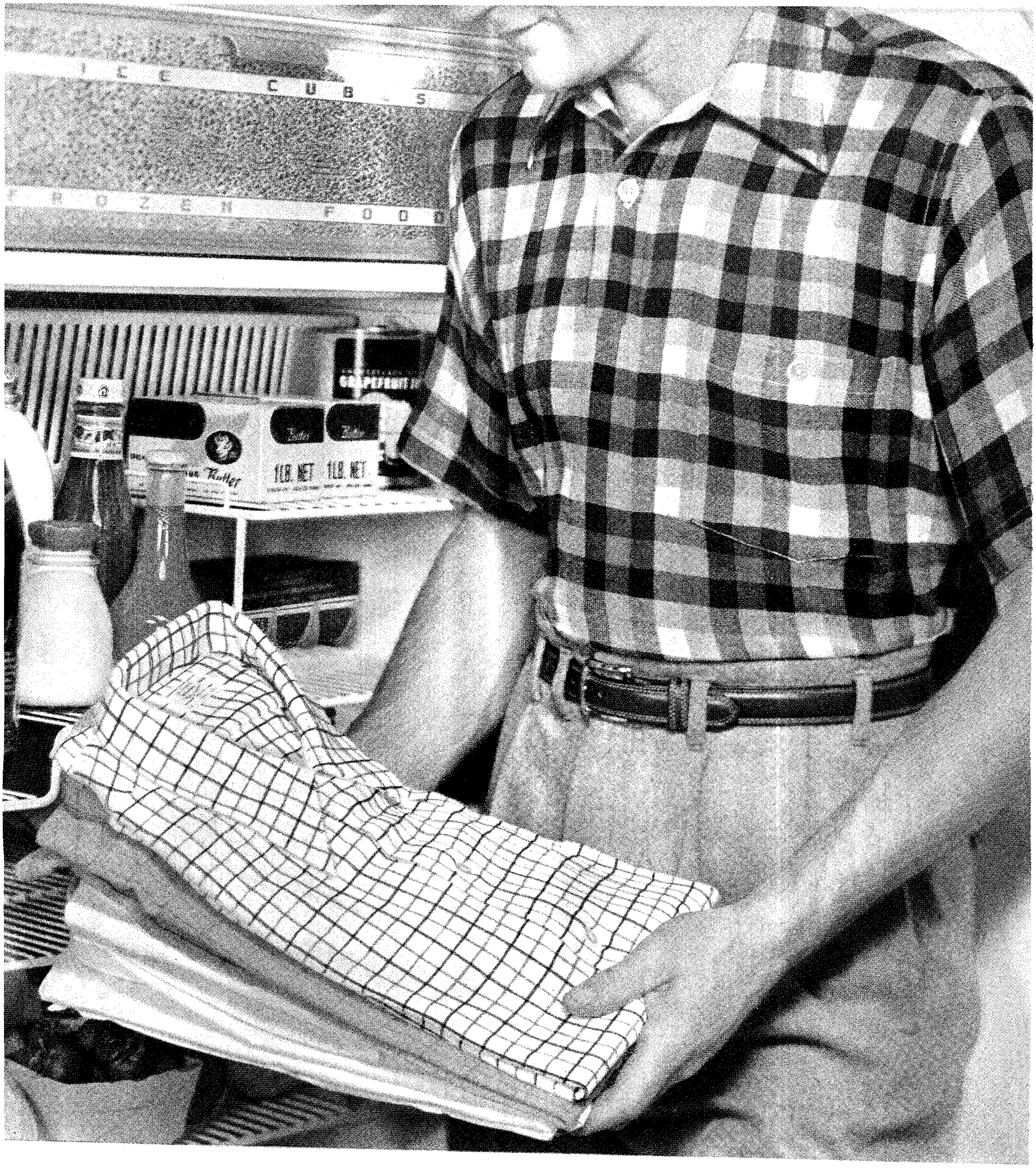
YOUR CADILLAC DEALER



Put your Aertex® shirt in the refrigerator

HERE IS a tip which may save your life this summer. Buy yourself an Aertex shirt, and put it in the refrigerator for half an hour before dressing. The result will astound you—it is like warming your gloves on the radiator in winter, only the opposite. When you put on a refrigerated Aertex shirt it cools you down several degrees, and the unique cellular weave of Aertex *keeps* you cool—cool as a cucumber. The Englishmen who make Aertex for us explain that each shirt contains 987,693 ventilating windows, all open to the air. They sell Aertex to the mad dogs who have to go out in the noonday sun in such steaming outposts as Singapore and British Guiana. Aertex is not only the world's *coolest* shirting, but it is also jolly good-looking. Checks, tattersalls, and solid colors, all washable, from $6.50. At more distinguished stores everywhere. For the name of the store nearest you send a card to the importers of Aertex—C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Washington, Friday, July 10, at 2; Saturday, July 11, at 8:30; and Sunday, July 12, at 2. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Friday, July 10, at 8; Saturday, July 11, at 1:30; and Sunday, July 12, at 2. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thursday, July 16, at 8; Friday, July 17, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); and Saturday, July 18, at 1:30. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Chicago, Thursday, July 16, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 18, at 1:30.

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Open Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury. Through Thursday, July 9.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Canoe Brook Country Club, Summit, N.J. Through Friday, July 10.) . . . ¶ New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Yahnundasis Country Club, Utica, N.Y. Through Sunday, July 12.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, July 11. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 11. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday and Friday between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:15.) . . . EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, Monday through Saturday, July 13-18. The Wakefield, Monday, July 13, and the Questionnaire Handicap, Saturday, July 18. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track Monday through Friday between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Monday, Aug. 10. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 81, W. 42nd St., at 11:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Tennis—New York State Women's Championships. (New Rochelle Tennis Club, New Rochelle. Through Saturday, July 11.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Spring Lake Bath and Tennis Club, Spring Lake, N.J. Through Sunday, July 12.) . . . ¶ Eastern Seniors' Championships. (Inwood Country Club, Inwood, L.I. Starting Saturday, July 18.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 29. . . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Daily at 2; through Friday, July 10.

Yachting—Beverly Yacht Club Regatta. (Marion, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 17-18.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 18.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the periodic sessions of the Security Council, as well as to meetings of the Trusteeship Council and of various commissions and committees. (United Nations Permanent Headquarters, First Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go, or write to Admissions Office, United Nations, New York, ten days in advance.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours of the Headquarters, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes, daily. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 22 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Hayden Planetarium—The summer show, "Destination Saturn," concerns a round trip, with a space-station stop, to two of Saturn's satellites, from which close observations of the planet are made. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

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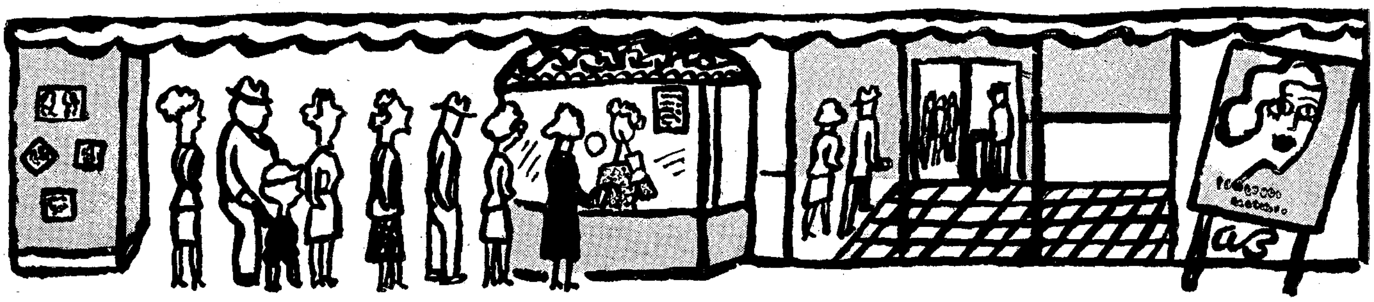
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Fanfan the Tulip—A jaunty French film that spoofs war, love, and costume dramas, and has among its assets a toothsome lady named Gina Lollobrigida, and Gérard Philipe, whose imitations of Douglas Fairbanks are first-rate. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—Wilde's wonderful farce, with a fine English company that includes Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; July 9. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 11-14.)

Julius Caesar—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's interpretation of the Shakespearean drama. It has plenty of oral dignity but could do with a little more movement. Outstanding in the cast are John Gielgud, James Mason, and Edmond O'Brien. (Booth, 222 W. 45th, CI 6-5969. Showings at 2:45 and 8:45; extra performances Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Moulin Rouge—A celluloid appreciation of Toulouse-Lautrec, directed by John Huston and with color photography of the first order filmed under the supervision of Eliot Elisofon. José Ferrer plays the artist, and Colette Marchand is superb as the dubious lady who takes control of his affections. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through July 13. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 10-11. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting July 15. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 15, tentative.)

A Queen Is Crowned—A British film, in color, depicting the Coronation. An admirable piece of work, narrated by Sir Laurence Olivier. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock—An episodic melodrama concerned with the lives of some interesting young women catapulted into catastrophe by the collapse of a stairway. Written by Cesare Zavattini and directed by Giuseppe de Santis—gentlemen who were, respectively, involved in "The Bicycle Thief" and "Bitter Rice"—this Italian film is quite worth your while. With Carla Del Poggio, Lea Padovani, Lucia Bose, and Elena Varzi. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Shane—George Stevens' stimulating variation on the old theme of ranchers vs. homesteaders, with Alan Ladd playing a noble stranger who sees to it that the sodbusters get a fair shake. Van Heflin, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde assist Mr. Ladd in making the plains safe for the farmers. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting July 15.)

REVIVALS

The Adventuress (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of a patriotic Irish girl during the Second World War. With Deborah Kerr. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 11.)

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 9.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 12-13.)

Black Narcissus (1947)—Some nuns on a Himalayan mountain peak. An English picture, with Deborah Kerr, David Farrar, and Flora Robson. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting July 15.)

Chapayev (1935)—Russian melodrama of a minor revolutionary hero. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 9.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 12-13.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 15.)

Gentleman's Agreement (1947)—A Hollywood assault on anti-Semitism. With Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire, and John Garfield. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 15.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting July 15.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; July 12-13.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Last Holiday (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his last fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting July 14.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—Ronald Colman and Margo in Shangri-La, where people live forever. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 11.)

My Sister Eileen (1942)—Taken from Ruth McKenney's stories of two girls in Greenwich Village. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; July 9.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operations of the Rome underground. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching out West. With Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; July 12-14.)

Paisan (1948)—An Italian picture concerning the invasion of Italy. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

Pépé le Moko (1941)—Life in the Casbah. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 14.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—Alec Guinness again, this time as a garden specialist involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 11.)

The Snake Pit (1948)—The rigors of an overcrowded mental hospital. Olivia de Havilland. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 15.)

The Talk of the Town (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; July 12-14.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through July 12: "The Marriage Circle" (1924), with Florence Vidor and Marie Prevost. . . . ¶ Starting July 13: "Three Women" (1924), with Pauline Frederick and May McAvoy. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Stalag 17," William Holden, Don Taylor.

Booth, 222 W. 45th. (CI 6-5969)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Melba," Patrice Munsel, Robert Morley.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T," Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"O.K. Nero!," Silvana Pampanini, Gino Cervi.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Scared Stiff," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Band Wagon," Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through July 14: "The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms," Paula Raymond, Paul Christian.
From July 15: "The Charge at Feather River," a three-dimensional film, with Guy Madison and Frank Lovejoy.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Salome," Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger, Charles Laughton.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through July 14: "White Witch Doctor," Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum.
From July 15: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through July 14: "It Came from Outer Space," a three-dimensional film, with Richard Carlson.
From July 15: "Arena," a three-dimensional film, with Gig Young and Polly Bergen.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Moon Is Blue," William Holden, Maggie McNamara, David Niven.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of the new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:15 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
ROME, 11 O'CLOCK (in Italian).

THE LONDON EFFECT

According to a survey we never actually get around to making, if you had approached 100 more or less intellectual young women a few years ago, and asked them to give you a definition of the word "London," ninety-seven per cent of them would have answered: "A city of 8,000,000 souls which is the capital of England." If you were to make this test again today, 64.5 per cent, or sixty-four-and-a-half women, would instantly reply: "A gorgeous hunk of man with an utterly devastating voice who sang Boris Godounov at the Met." We are not speaking now of bobby-soxers, mind you, but of young ladies who know the difference between Wotan and Wozzeck, and who can quote the first two-and-a-half lines of The Waste Land without looking them up. This striking shift in opinion is not due to the decline of London, England, but to the arrival upon the musical scene of London, George—a 32 year old, six foot three bass-baritone who produces a remarkable effect upon opera listeners on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean.

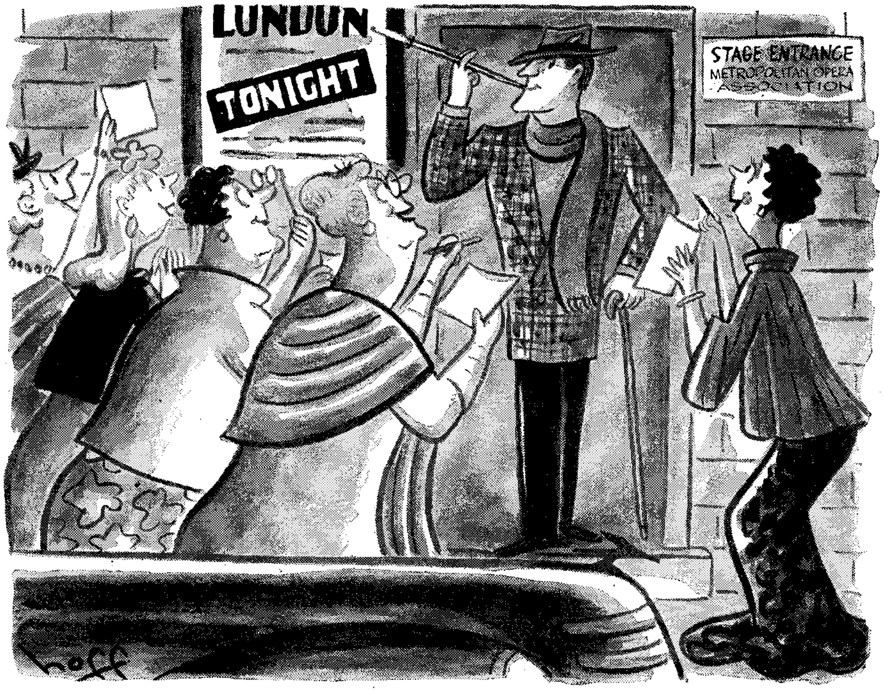
The rise of George London has the pleasing inevitability that is often found in the story of a natural. Until he was 16, London never took a music lesson and managed to resist the efforts of his parents to make him study the piano. He intended, as far as he can remember, to become either a lawyer or an astronomer. At high school, however, after his adult voice had grown in, he got mixed up in some scholastic productions of light opera, and he made a discovery that has been decisive in the lives of many artists before him. He found that a thousand people clapping their hands together in an auditorium make a sound more intoxicating than wine.

London thereupon enrolled in a free opera course at Los Angeles City College, progressing, in due time, from a two-word part in The Marriage of Figaro to engagements in churches and synagogues, thence to being one-fourth of a quartet in an ice show, and to parts in road company operettas. Meanwhile, he was studying all the bass and baritone roles in operatic literature, fed by the hope, so often the principal diet of young musicians, that some day he would Show Them. Finally, in 1949, with a few borrowed dollars in his pocket, he sailed to Europe and badgered a manager into letting him sing at the Vienna State Opera. He immediately knocked the entire musical population of Vienna stone cold dead—a phenomenon he has since repeated at the Metropolitan and which has become known as The London Effect. The music critic of *Neues Oesterreich* welcomed Mr. London to "the great list of international singers" and spoke admiringly of the beautiful warmth of his middle register and his "fearless top." At the Bayreuth Festival in Germany, London worked with Wieland Wagner, a man no less punctilious than you might expect about the way his immortal grandfather's operas should be sung. Mr. Wagner, too, came under the influence of The London Effect and wrote: "In many years, no artist has impressed me so deeply. Here is a combination of what makes for a true artist in an almost ideal way." And everywhere that Mr. London went he was followed, according to the local papers, by numberless frauleins.

We have the normal male resentment of any man whom women make a fuss about, so we decided to look for some coldly analytical (i.e., male) views of Mr. London. We found Virgil Thomson praising London as "a great baritone star in the grand manner," and also as the possessor of the best male legs on the operatic stage. Doggedly, we hunted on. At last we found an opera expert who was willing to discuss London without reference to his personal magnetism. "George would be terrific," he said, "even if he were a little bald guy with pince-nez. He's got it all—brilliant voice, feeling, taste, style, and authority. Authority is what you knew Babe Ruth had when he picked up a bat. Also, opera is a branch of show business, and George is a great actor. The first time he sang Boris Godounov a bunch of people rushed over and tried to congratulate him in fast Russian. He was so convincing they couldn't believe that all the Russian he knew was in the script. That's the way George goes about everything. He digs into his parts until he becomes the character, and if he doesn't think he's ready, he won't sing it. Any moron can have good vocal chords. It's only when you combine the voice with intelligence and penetration that you get a real operatic artist like George London."

You can, and probably should, sample The London Effect at home tonight on any number of Columbia Records. Just one thing, though—sort of keep an eye on the Mrs.

L. R.



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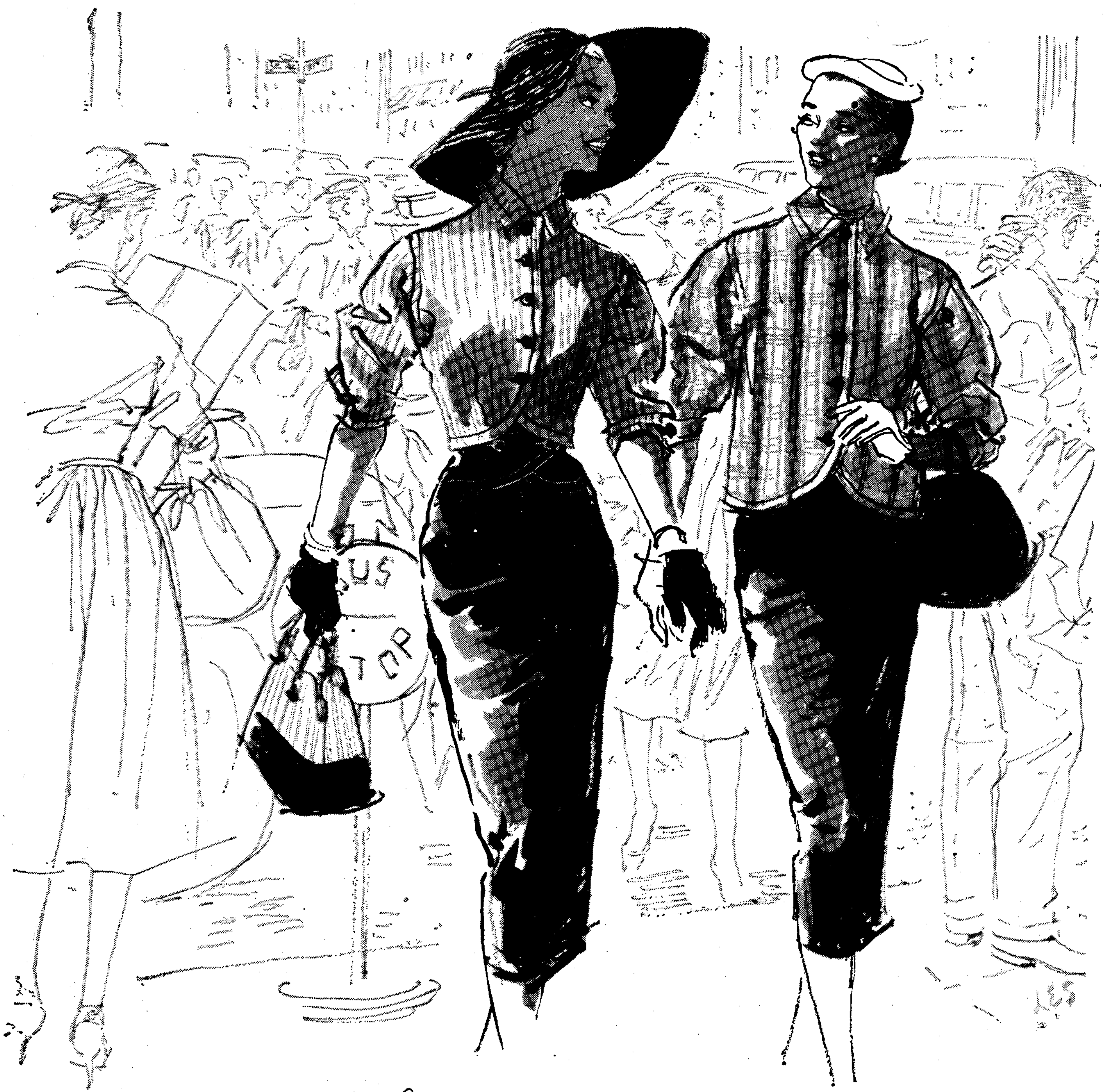

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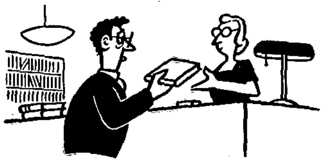
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SO much attention was paid to the declaration on book burning issued at the recent convention of the American Library Association that another significant report went largely unnoticed—a statement by an official of the Detroit Public Library to the effect that television is driving people back to books. The librarian said that as the novelty of television has worn off, reading has made a comeback, and that many people have been asking for books on subjects to which they've been introduced by television. Encouraged by this disclosure, we are setting to work at once on a breezy history of wrestling, designed for the lending-library trade and entitled, tentatively, "From Laocoön to Mister America." Introduction by Betty Furness.

IT strikes us as odd that in the course of all the current hullabaloo about which books may not be harbored in State Department libraries abroad there has been little or no mention of which books in the libraries are actually being read. No book, however brimming with dangerous notions, can have any influence on anyone unless it is read. But we're thinking of this, for the moment, from the writer's point of view. It is all very reassuring for a writer to know that he is not banned from a government library, but he would also like to know if he's in the library and, if so, whether his work is meeting with the enthusiastic reception in Pakistan or Greece that he always dreamed it would meet with somewhere or other. Long after the publication of a book, when the royalties have trickled off to nothing and the last copy has disappeared from Brentano's, there remains for the author little more than the comfort of visiting the circulation section of the nearest library, asking for his book, and checking to see whether anybody has taken it out lately. Recently, a fragile author we know nearly suffered a broken heart when he turned hopefully to the library card cemented to the end paper of one of his own books and found that it hadn't been out for three years. We doubt that *that* book, no matter how potentially pernicious its influence, could have converted anybody to anything. The author took it out himself and returned it six weeks afterward (fourteen cents overdue), secure in the knowledge that his work finally was, if nothing else, circulating.



Leave Us Get in Line

EVERY now and then, we get involved with wild packs of children heading out of Grand Central for camps in the woodlands. Last week, a friend of ours told us that some of the camp directors had decided to make these departures a bit less chaotic than usual by rallying their charges in various ballrooms and meeting rooms of the Hotel Commodore. Figuring that it would be interesting to see the little ones dispatched without the customary uproar, we repaired to the Commodore, and promptly fell in with a clutch of boys, their parents, and councillors who were preparing for the trip to Camp Arundel, in Maine. They were ensconced in what is called the South Room, and although there weren't many of them, they were producing a fierce racket. As we made our way among them, a lad in a T shirt swung a fishing rod in our direction, and, as we ducked, another youth rapped us on the head a couple of times. "Knock, knock," he said.

"Lay off," we said.

"You're supposed to say, 'Who's there?' " he pointed out.

We were then jostled by a stout lady who was moving rather aimlessly about the room.

"She's looking for Mike," the knock-knock urchin informed us. "He hides from her."

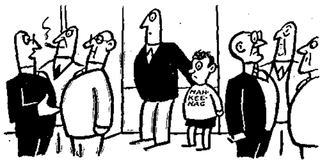
"What are you going to do at camp?" we inquired.

"If you don't know, you must be a real square," the boy said.

"It's nice, for once, to have them get away peacefully," a lady standing near us observed.

"Toot, toot, I'm a train," shrilled one of the campers. His notion seemed to appeal to a good many others, and a crescendo of toots rose about us.

We decided to step outside for a smoke, and bumped into an agitated boy in a jersey emblazoned with the legend "Mah-Kee-Nac." "Where do I meet?" he asked. He had us there, but we suggested he tour the ballroom floor with us in the hope of coming upon some Mah-Kee-Nacs. As we passed one door, a promising babble could be heard, and we steered our lost youth toward it. Once through the door, though, the two of us found ourselves in the presence of a crowd that didn't look very outdoorsy.



"Any of you people know how the camp meetings are arranged?" we said.

"How's that?" said a gentleman clad in blue serge and wearing a pince-nez.

"Got a strayed camper here," we explained.

"It so happens," said the gentleman coldly, "that this is a meeting of the F. E. Compton Company. We publish the well-known Pictured Encyclopedia."

"Maybe we ought to look around the station," our boy remarked.

We agreed to guide him about

Grand Central, and proceeded out of the Commodore into bedlam. Children by the hundreds were milling around signs reading "CAMP SONGO MEETS HERE," "CAMP WAHCONAH AND POTOMAC MEET HERE," and so on. No Mah-Kee-Nac, however. Somewhere around "CAMP HILLSHIRE MEETS HERE" our companion disappeared. We asked a burly, red-haired Hillshire operative if he'd seen anything of the boy.

"Relax, relax," he said. "They're always getting lost. I'm missing about three right now."

The Hillshire man turned from us to address a group of boys ranging in age from, we estimated, seven to ten. "Who's the best player on the Dodgers?" he said, with bluff cordiality.

The boys stared at him blankly.

"Would you say Peewee Reese?" he went on.

"That reminds me of my dog Peewee," observed one of the group.

"You have like fun got a dog named Peewee," another protested. The argument quickly boiled down to "Have," "Haven't," and the Hillshire man muttered that he wouldn't mind losing a few more of his little charges.

We drifted away from Hillshire, and were making our way past Mohawk when we were buttonholed by a middle-aged woman who looked worried. "Will these children be on *all* the trains?" she asked. "I'm just going to Poughkeepsie, but I can't stand any more of this unearthly noise."

We suggested she postpone her trip and made for Fair Lake, which was showing signs of getting organized.

"Leave us get in line, two by two," ordered a Fair Lake councillor.

His team fell in smartly.

"Now where do I go?" he murmured.

While he was thinking about this, the boys broke formation, and one of them sat down on the floor to read a comic book.

"On your toes, everybody," the councillor said.

The boys lined up again and, led by their councillor, set off bravely for Lord knows where.

We went back to the Commodore to see how Camp Arundel was doing. The children in the South Room were still in full cry, and some of the parents were beginning to show signs of strain. A passing stranger paused to tell us something about the way activities are organized at Camp Arundel. He made it sound quite efficient, and we thanked him for the information. "Always a bit of a problem to get the children to camp from the city," he said, "but it's worth the struggle."

Something slithered past our legs, and a tense cry of "Mike! Mike!" could be heard. Before Mike's mother had a chance to push us around again, we said farewell to Camp Arundel.

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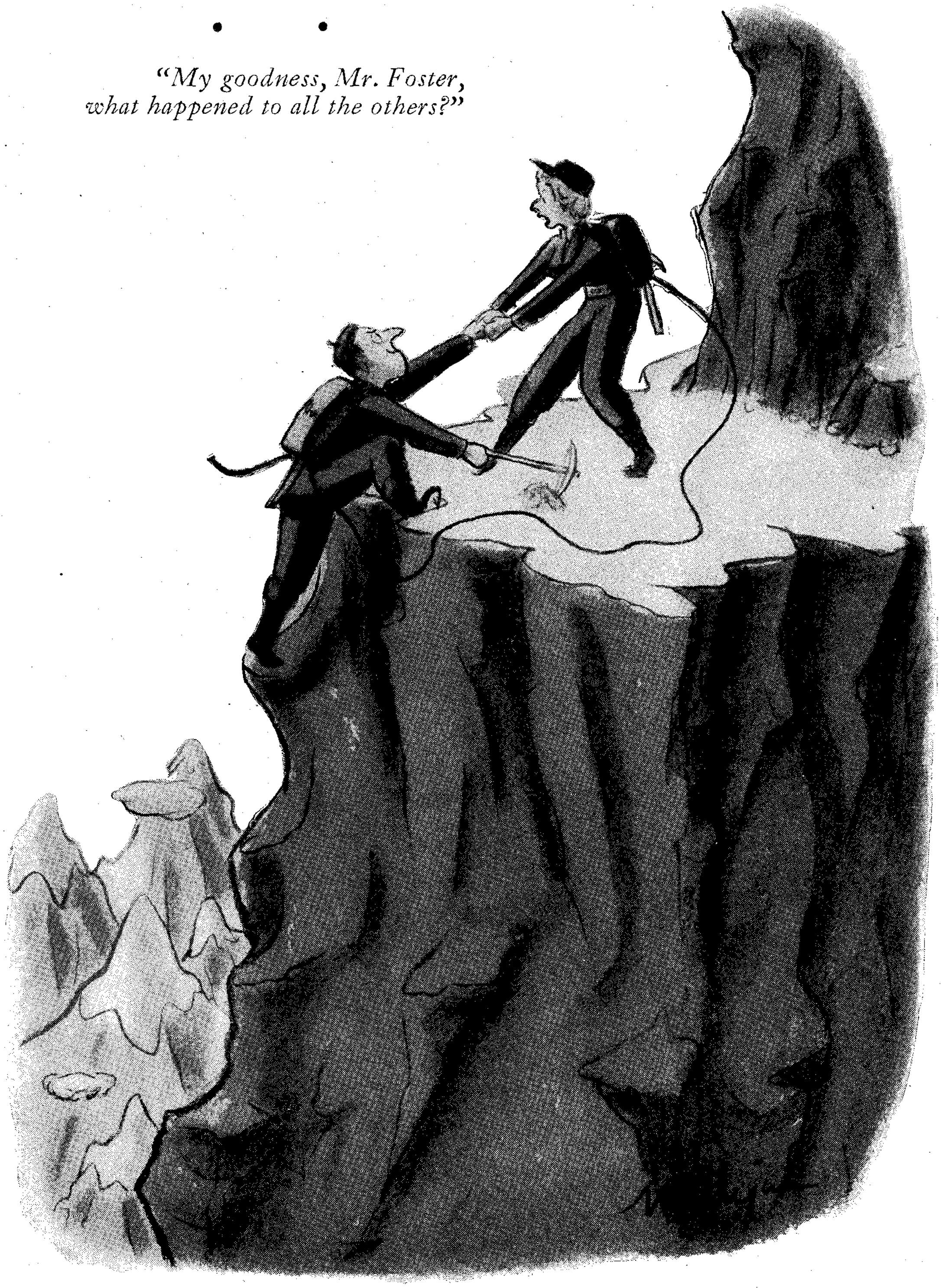
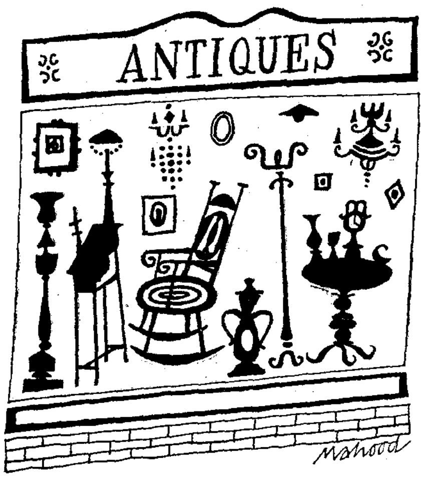
"My goodness, Mr. Foster, what happened to all the others?"



Juggler

ONE of the nicest people we've met in years is a tall, round-faced, blue-eyed, bespectacled man of forty-seven named William Armistead Moale Burden, who has just been elected president of the Museum of Modern Art and who for twenty years or more has managed to juggle three not always compatible lives—those of businessman, lover of the arts, and conscientious citizen. Gently born and bred, with money in his purse, Burden might have been put together out of two parts Fitzgerald and one part Marquand, with this difference—everything has turned out fine. He does the jobs he is fitted to do, he does them extremely well, and he takes pleasure and satisfaction in doing them. In two words, no woe. The names in Burden's past are enough to inspire any scion to brave deeds. Commodore Vanderbilt was a great-great-grandfather, while a great-grandfather founded the Burden Iron Company, in Troy, and made himself immortal by inventing the first successful machine for turning out horseshoes. Burden's grandfather on his mother's side, Hamilton McK. Twombly, who married the Commodore's granddaughter, was one of the backers of the Cerro de Pasco Corporation, of which Burden is a director. Like his Grandfather Twombly and his father, Burden is a Harvard man (class of 1927). And he has four sons, one of whom graduated from Harvard in June and another of whom is an undergraduate there. Burden's grandmother, Mrs. Twombly, died last year, at the age of ninety-eight. Burden, who has been going full tilt since he was born, would like to live that long himself, but he doesn't expect to. "How do women manage it?" he asked us, with the air of a man who knew precisely how he would like to spend a couple of extra decades.

We talked with Mr. Burden in the offices of William A. M. Burden & Co., on the twenty-sixth floor of 630 Fifth Avenue. His private office is both merry and serene, with light-yellow walls, gray carpet and draperies, and long views west and north. On one wall is a bright-colored Mondrian, so placed that it is the first thing he sees when he lifts his eyes from his desk; on another wall is an Arp construction in yellow and white wood, representing clouds. "We're a venture-capital outfit," he told us, drawing strength from the Arp. "Like Jock Whitney—that sort of thing. Put our own money into promising enterprises. I've only been back here a short while. Been in Washington since the outbreak of the Korean war. Title was Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Air Force, in charge of research and development. That was Tom Finletter. When the old administration went out, I didn't mind. On the contrary, I was glad. I'm a Republican, and I worked hard for Eisenhower. And I'm still acting as a consultant to the Air Force. Fact is, I've been in and out of Washington ever since '41, always having to do with aeronautics, which has been my specialty since college. That Mondrian hung in my office in Washington. At first, the brass would come in and stare at it, and then grumble that if I'd give them a T square and some pots of paint they could do a better painting themselves. After a while, though, the jokes stopped and I saw that it was beginning to get them. Soon it was what they looked for when they came in. You could *feel* it doing them good."



Burden's two chief extra-business interests in New York are the New York Hospital, of which he is a director, and the Museum of Modern Art. He has long been a member of the Board of Trustees of the Museum and was formerly chairman of the Committee on Collections. "When Nelson Rockefeller resigned as president of the Museum to go to work for Mrs. Hobby, there I was," Burden said. The Burdens have a collection of contemporary paintings, which they keep in their apartment in the city, in their summer place at Northeast Harbor, and in their weekend place at Mount Kisco. They also have a collection of contemporary wines, most of which they keep in the cellars of M. Lehmann, Inc., and which wineconners claim are of the greatest distinction. Burden, who admits knowing what he likes in the way of a wine, says that he inherited no noteworthy ancestral wines. "I don't miss them," he said. "So many old wines turn out to be curiosities, not fit to drink." Burden has a pilot's license but no plane, and drives a Bentley and a Cunningham. For exercise, he plays tennis. If you ever wonder what the Brook, the Racquet & Tennis, the River, the Links, the Grolier, and the Century can possibly have in common, the answer is Burden.

Reference

A LOCAL export-import firm that recently began doing business with Israel decided to add an Israeli to its staff, and advertised for one. A young man who had emigrated from Israel to the United States a couple of years ago showed up and was interviewed by the personnel manager, who asked him what his profession had been in Israel. "Terrorist," he said.

Affectionate

SOME months ago, Macy's acquired four Doberman pinschers to assist the special police who guard the premises at night against prowlers and fire, and just before eleven on a fine moonlit evening we were permitted to watch the dogs go through their paces. Frank Fay, director of Macy's Security Division, met us at a side entrance, and in no time at all we discovered that a big department store after hours is one of the eeriest places on earth—as dark and silent as if it were at the bottom of the Hudson, with hooded counters and empty aisles running on and on into nothing. We found ourself walking on tiptoe as, by elevator and back stairs, Fay conducted us to the roof, where the dogs are kept. "They leave the store only to guard an occasional truckload of furs or jewelry, and when they go on their vacations," he told us. "We'll be sending them to the country later in the summer. They're marvellous dogs. Very affectionate, but they'd tear your arm out of the socket if they felt they had to. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars apiece for them. I wouldn't take two thousand."

Mr. Fay opened a door bearing a sign "BEWARE OF THE DOGS," and we stepped out onto the roof. Before us in the moonlight, watched over by a couple of Macy patrolmen, who had on police caps and dark-blue denim battle jackets with gold badges, were the four dogs, at work among their training props. Black and sleek, with copper markings burnished by the moon, the dogs looked bigger than life size as they cleared hurdles, clambered up ladders, and leaped, one by one, through a dummy window. Fay explained that a Macy guard's uniform is similar to a regular policeman's uniform and that the dogs have learned to respect both. As for training them to leap through a window, that's necessary because, though the dogs are too canny to go crashing through windows of their own accord, they might have to do so someday, the space between the false walls of furniture exhibits and the real walls of the building being a favorite hideout for prowlers. Before the dogs came to Macy's, Fay said, Macy patrolmen could count on picking up a prowler every few weeks or so; since the dogs and the widespread publicity about them in the papers, no prowlers. This is not Fay's first experiment with dogs. Shortly after the last war, he tried out German shepherds in the store, but, being long-haired, they worked badly on hot summer nights after the air-conditioning was turned off. The Dobermans keep comparatively cool and are, he said, so smart that they have only once mistaken a mannequin for a man.

Mr. Fay introduced the dogs by name—Mom, named for Macy's Own Merchandise; Suzy, named for a Macy perfume; Red Star, named for the Macy trademark; and Cash, named for cash—and mentioned that each dog has its own doghouse and a run on the roof and is fed one meal a day, after its night's work. The dogs patrol in pairs, each pair covering about half the building. We followed Mom, Suzy, the two patrolmen, and Fay, who warned us that he had some surprises in store for the dogs, down to the eighteenth floor, where reserve stock is kept. We could make out row upon row of bins trailing off into the shadows, and our skin tightened; prowlers, we thought, might be anywhere there. The patrolmen having slipped Mom's and Suzy's leashes, the dogs trotted off down separate aisles, sniffing hard. Suzy suddenly started yipping, and the patrolmen turned their flashlights on a bin in which an evil-looking fellow in a green cap and Army fatigues lay sprawled. One of his own men, Fay assured us, adding that if the dogs didn't locate someone every so often, they would get discouraged. Mom and Suzy were patted and taken off the floor to permit the patrolman in Army fatigues to escape. We searched several more floors without incident, and then, in the beauty salon on the eleventh floor, the dogs moaned and writhed with excitement. The cause turned out to be a tiny smudge fire, set by the evil-looking patrolman. Mom and Suzy were congratulated and returned to the roof, and Red Star and Cash took over.

Red Star and Cash patrolled the building uneventfully until we reached the men's-clothing department, on the second floor. There Red Star cornered the same villain behind a counter. He was dressed from head to foot in a thickly padded attack suit. "O.K., feller, come out with your hands up and the dog won't bother you!" Fay said, deadpan. The patrolman slipped from behind the counter, then affected to make a break. In a flash, Red Star had him by the arm. The man stopped in his tracks and Fay called Red Star off. Fay searched the man while Red Star watched carefully, and then said to the man, "I'm going to phone for help. Don't move and the dog won't bother you." Fay stepped through a doorway and Red Star watched the man. After a few minutes, the man again attempted a break. Red Star had him down, subdued and shaken, in ten seconds flat. Then Fay returned and the supposed miscreant was led away by his fellow-patrolmen. "That suit is all kapok, but even so I bet he felt Red Star's teeth," Fay said, bending down and scratching the dog between his ears.

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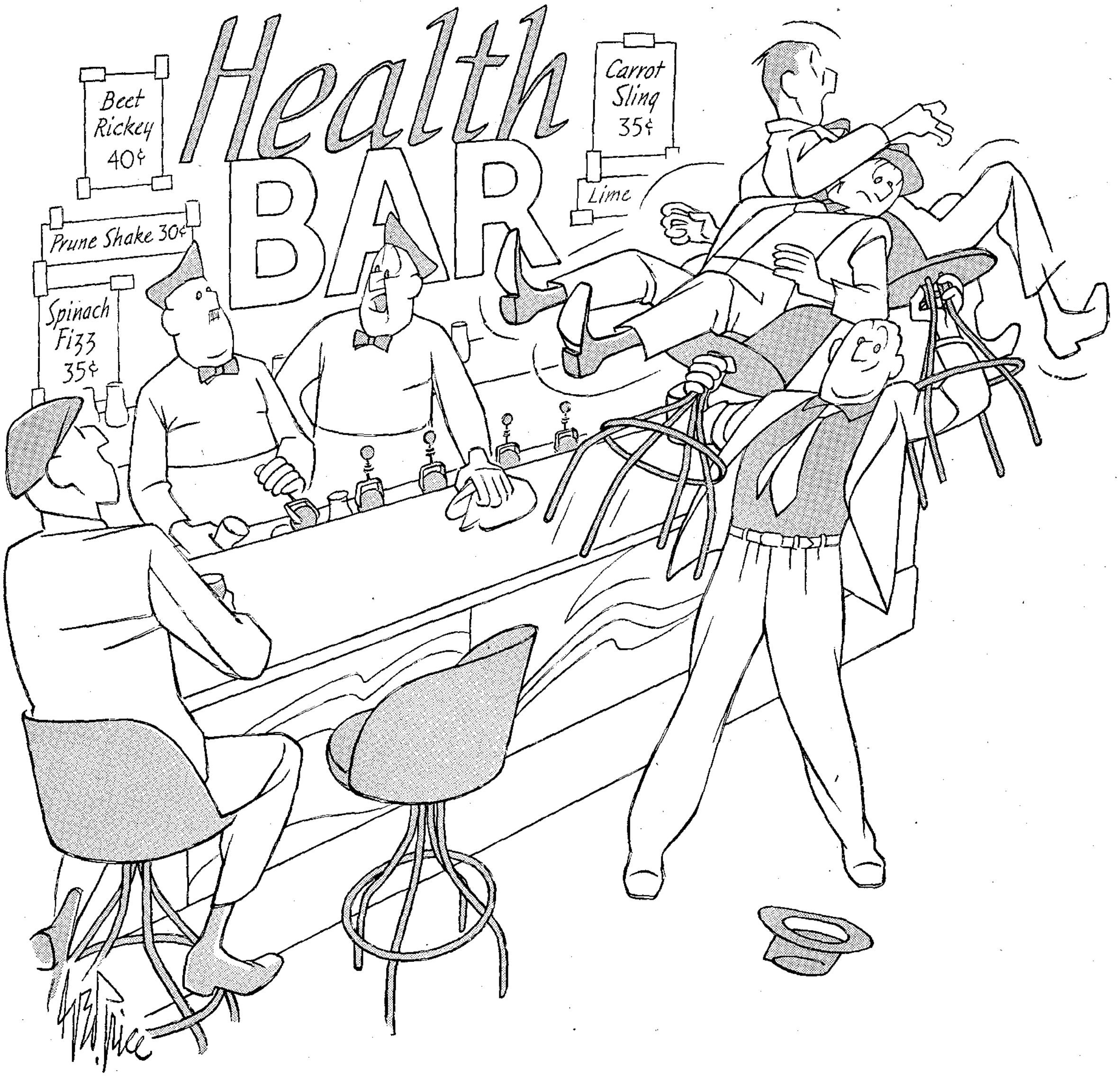
OVERHEARD on a golf course, lady to a friend playing the water hole: "How you doing?" Second Lady: "Pretty well. It's the first time I've ever been in the lake in four."

Mr. Truman

WE went over to the Waldorf Towers one morning last week and had a chat with Harry Truman. We found Mr. Truman in the living room of Suite 32-A, a chamber roughly the size of the State of Missouri. He looked fine. He was trim, tanned, clear-eyed, and seemingly at peace with himself and the world. He was wearing a dark-blue summer suit, a white shirt, and a neat blue bow tie with small white dots. He is one of the most soft-spoken men we have ever talked with. He told us that he and Mrs. Truman had been overcome by the reception they received from people everywhere in New York. "We certainly didn't expect it," he said. "There seems to be genuine affection. It's been the same wherever we've gone since we left Washington. Why, on the trip east from Independence in the Chrysler, everybody was friendly, everywhere. We drove into Wheeling, West Virginia, one night—Wheeling, for some reason, used to be devoted to Henry Clay; they had a statue of him out in the park, and it disintegrated, fell apart—and we registered at the McLure House at 11 P.M., and that desk clerk *recognized* me. We had quite a time the other night at the show. We went to see that musical with Rosalind Russell, and, do you know, I re-



"I think he's had enough."

ceived an ovation. I never had any such idea in mind when we came to New York—certainly didn't expect anything like this. We had quite a time at the end of the show. When the Secret Service was around, they would get me right out of theatres, but the other night I sat and waited for the audience to leave and the audience sat and waited for me to leave, and it was *something.* This whole trip has been heart-warming. I am amazed at the friendliness, and it makes me think that I haven't spent my life in vain."

Mr. Truman fell to talking about the library he plans to build in Grandview to house his official papers. "I always admired what Franklin Roosevelt did with his papers," he said. "That was the correct thing to do. Presidential papers present a fascinating history. There have been some strange happenings in connection with them. Someone should look into the whole history of Presidential papers. Do you know that Millard Fillmore's son burned some of his papers? A good many of Jackson's papers were lost—some were found again, but a good many were lost. Lincoln's papers. Lincoln's son burned some of his papers. Think of it, some of Abraham Lincoln's papers burned! It's awful. We plan a modern building out in Grandview. I have four hundred four-drawer filing cabinets filled with papers. Sixteen tons of papers. I believe that's quite a lot of paper. And quite a lot of history."

We asked Mr. Truman if he misses the White House, and he shook his head. "I never had the power complex," he said slowly. "Never had a touch of it. I never believed that I belonged in the White House except to do my job, and when my job was over I moved out. It's the greatest elective office in the world, and I put everything I had into the job. As far as private life is concerned, my routine is the same as when I was in the White House. I haven't changed my routine. I used to get up at five-thirty, read all the papers and magazines I could find, and take my walk. Then I'd come back, have breakfast, and get over to the White House offices at eight, and go to work. I'm doing the same thing today in Independence and Kansas City. I am enjoying life, and I expect to enjoy life for a good many years to come. But there is one thing about private life that is quite different from the days in the White House." Mr. Truman stared into space for a moment, and he suddenly looked like a much older man. "The difference is the responsibility," he said, almost in a whisper. "The responsibility is gone." He smiled. "I wish I were eighteen," he said. "I keep telling the kids that I wish I were eighteen instead of sixty-nine. Franklin Roosevelt made the great decision that changed our age. He went ahead with the experiments in nuclear fission. That took courage, real courage. And it took money. It was a great gamble. Some people think it shouldn't have been done, but remember those old weavers back in England; they were against the machine. Whenever progress is stopped, tragedy results. You know, the next fifty years are going to be unbelievable. I wish I were going to be around to see them. The picture of the future is too wonderful even to contemplate. I am optimistic."

Up-to-Date

TOURING the country west of the George Washington Bridge last weekend, a city dweller noted with astonishment an odd figure standing serenely in a field of alien Jersey corn. It was a scarecrow composed of a space cadet's uniform, complete with flowing cape and the plastic helmet worn by small fry in intergalactic regions. There wasn't a crow in sight.

HOW FURRY ARE YOUR EYELASHES?

YOU remember all the talk there used to be about increased leisure time, and the effect it would have on society? Or are you too young? (I heard of a young person the other day who wanted to know whether Mrs. Roosevelt was a Republican or a Democrat.) Well, anyway, two or three decades back, the machine was going to speed things up so no one would have to work more than six hours a day—maybe only four. No one was ever very specific about this machine, but I visualized it as a complicated I.B.M. gadget, full of spokes and spooks, that could do anything from renewing subscriptions to *Time* to conducting arbitrage conversations on the transatlantic phone while the parties to the transaction were playing court tennis at the Racquet and Tennis Club and the Jeu de Paume, respectively. The six-day week of my childhood—I left school at fifteen to work in a small diamond mine I inherited from a Johannesburg uncle, man by the name of Barney Barnato—was going to be replaced by a five-day week, at the same salary, or better. In advanced, or technocratic, circles, there was talk of a four-day week, a three-day week, and a weekless week, with time-and-a-half overtime for Columbus Day. Many other holidays were planned, and existing ones were to be expanded; if they fell on a Sunday, they were to be celebrated on Monday.

The idea behind all this was that it was going to make everyone happier, more cultured, and in better shape physically, and give the lie, retroactively, to old Thoreau, who once said (to himself, while strolling around the countryside; everyone else was in his counting house), "What the banker sighs for, the meanest clown may have—leisure and a quiet mind." Everyone was going to sit around, or jump around, reading Proust, playing badminton, catching black bass, and getting to know his family.

Now some of this seems to have happened. Easter vacations for schoolteachers have been stretched to weeks and weeks. The Sunday-Monday, or Monday-Sunday, holiday is a fact. The five-day week is a fixture. Look at the outgoing traffic choking the bridges and tunnels Friday afternoons. Try to cash a check on a Saturday—the banks are asleep, the tellers, if awake, are in Larchmont; the Yale Club won't let you have more than twenty-five dollars, and charges you a dime a check. Get sick any time between five o'clock Friday afternoon and nine o'clock Monday morning and you might as well die. Your doctor is off with the Essex Fox Hounds, the nurse is off with the teller, the fox is off for the day, reading Proust in a hammock. But how many others are? Has the sale of hammocks (or Proust) gone up significantly? Are all these people using their leisure time the way they were supposed to? Who's happy, or cultured, or sound as a button, that wasn't before?

I HAVE been asking myself these questions of late, and I now have the answer, at least as far as women are concerned. I have the answer because *Vogue* has the answer and I have *Vogue*. I have the April 1st issue of *Vogue*, whose cover bears the legend "*Vogue* for the Busy Beauties" and shows a crazy-looking girl snarled up in four telephones. Here is what its lead editorial says, in part:

> . . . the industrial era . . . has made everything quicker than it was, and so has given us more time than ever was. Time—not for the leisure the social planners planned, but for our own actual heart's desire: busy-ness. This is the era that has bred the most buoyant clock-watchers since Time began.

How do I happen to have *Vogue*? I could say I picked it up in my dentist's office, or, more fashionably, in my therapist's anteroom, but the fact is a girl I know gave it to me. We were discussing what the big thing of our day was, and I suggested that it was Russia's peace offensive. She shook her head.

"The *Times* says it may cause a slump," I said. "Stocks will go down, unemployment will rise, and who will there be to say nay to Communist China's demands for Formosa and a seat in the United Nations? Doesn't this all add up to the big thing of our day?"

"Nope," she said.

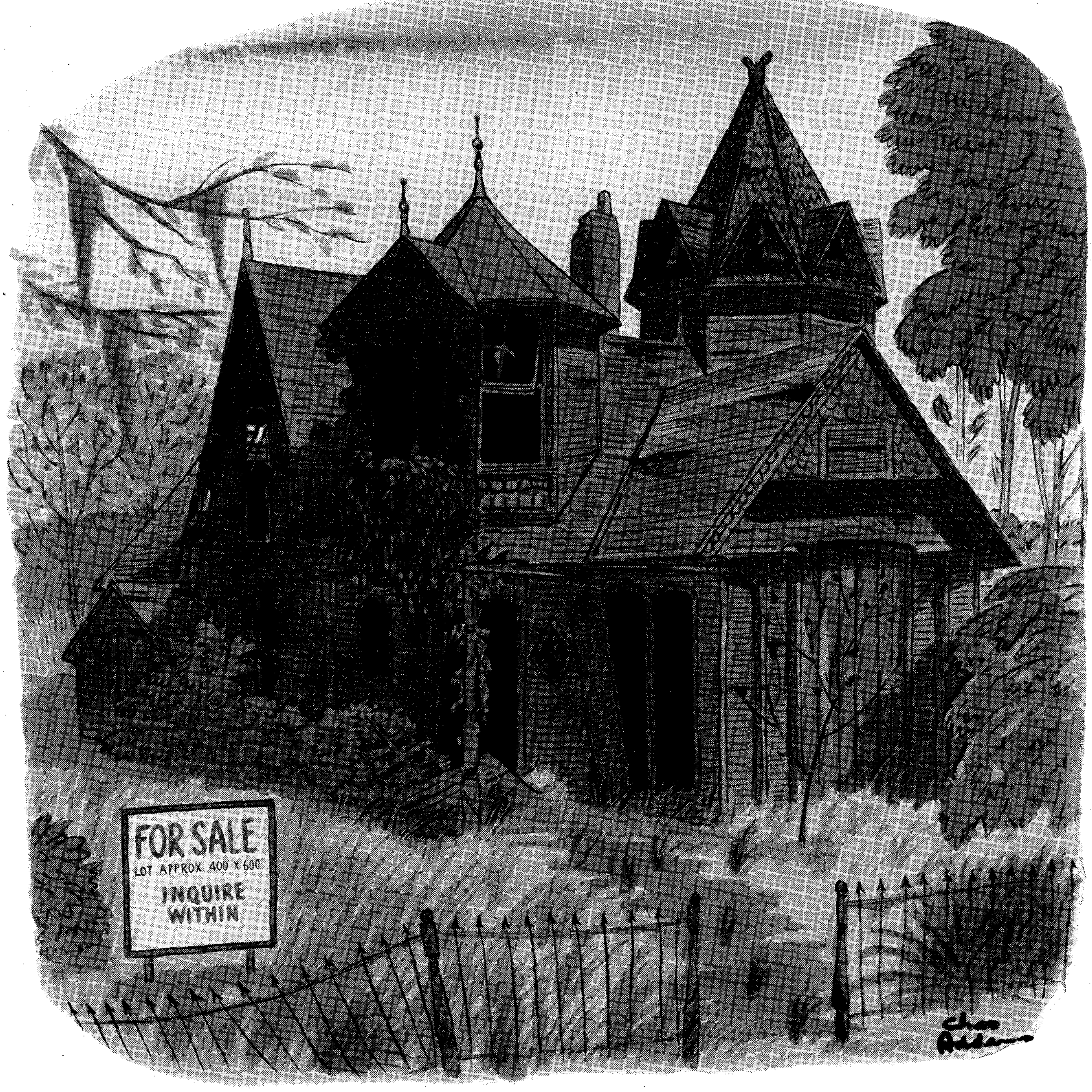
She picked up *Vogue* and read: "'What ever happened to the big dream of history's social planners—More Leisure for More People? It's been jolted into wakefulness by the big thing of our own times: busy-ness.'"

"Take it along with you," she said, thumbing a stock-market ticker tape in her living room. "I'm too busy to read any more."

I took it, and read, in an article called "The Busy Beauties":

> Time for beauty, no matter what. That's the premise here and on the following pages. Look around, almost anywhere. See lots of beauties. See lots of busy-ness. It's a standard meld of these times.

This is followed by two full-page photographs of two anonymous busy beauties. One, dressed, creamed, rouged, powdered, caked, mascaraed, eyebrow-pencilled, lipsticked, and contour-firmed to the nines, is saying good night to her baby as she and her husband go out to dinner. The other, more lightly disguised, is bidding farewell to her commuting husband as she puts him on the eight-six train to town. The accompanying text gives the formula for three evening makeups—"Brush on mascara until the eyelashes are furry . . . draw on a mouth that's only a relation to the natural one"—requiring, respectively, eighteen minutes and forty-five seconds, seventeen minutes and fifty seconds, and nineteen minutes and twenty seconds, to apply; and for three morning makeups—"a touch of creamy or fluid eyeshadow on the lids . . . look groomed, fresh, and handsomer than nature intended"—requiring a minute and thirty-five seconds, a minute and forty-three seconds, and a minute and fifty-six seconds. Next come several pages of identified busy beauties—Mrs. Jonathan Tichenor, Mrs. Winston Guest, Rita Gam, and Joanne Gilbert. According to the captions, the important thing, or things, about these ladies is their busy-ness and how they wear their hair. Mrs. Tichenor, an associate fashion editor on *Vogue* ("short, mobile coiffure"), has to make "quick transitions . . . between crowded day and quiet evening." Mrs. Guest ("a feathered pale-blond cap") is "an indefatigable traveller." Miss Gam ("a dark curly wreath") "is about as busy a busy beauty as can be found, what with TV acting assignments, movie-making . . . and running a New York life with her husband." Miss Gilbert ("cropped tight as a zinnia at the back and curved into



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two petals over her forehead") is making a movie and "sings in black shorts, white shirt, and black net stockings."

THESE girls don't have to be busy, any more than Thoreau's unemployed clown. They *want* to be. "There are very few women who need to be as busy as they choose to be," *Vogue* says. "Busy-ness is not only a fact, it is an ideal. And it can remain an ideal because it has not produced a drab and exhausted race—but the biggest percentage of hardy and beautiful women history has ever known."

I don't know about that. I don't want to be a cad, and the picture of Miss Gilbert, petalled and tight as a zinnia, singing in black shorts, is not one I want to forget, but I suspect that Helen of Troy and Cleopatra were just as hardy and beautiful and feathered and curly as Mrs. Guest and the rest, and that there was a big percentage of other hardy beauties in the old days I could name if only I had my set of John Erskine handy. What I *do* know, thanks to Mrs. Tichenor and her colleagues, is that the ladies of this country have turned their long-heralded leisure right back into what it was supposed to supplant—busy-ness—and are making a joker of that I.B.M. machine. They are spending the time won for them by the social planners in drawing on funny mouths. Well, who wants to kiss a funny mouth? What the banker and his fellow-man sigh for today is an unbusy girl (heart's desire: lazy-ness) who doesn't keep him waiting nineteen minutes and twenty seconds while she brushes on mascara until the eyelashes are furry. I'm sorry I ever came up out of that diamond mine.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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95 out of 96 United States Senators buy and read The Evening Star.—*Adv. in the Washington Star.*

Probably Wayne Morse again.

MAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN

ARNOLD DARCY was a civil engineer who worked for the city as a building-plans examiner. He handled skyscrapers, one of three men in the department who O.K.'d blueprints on construction twelve stories and higher, and it was a fairly important position, but, like everybody else on a fixed salary these days, Darcy was trapped by inflation. He lived at the end of the subway line, way out in Jackson Heights, in one of those modern, close, cluttered-up, three-room apartments. A Phi Beta Kappa, he was married and had one child. Darcy didn't particularly get along with his wife. They were married a good number of years now, ten or so.

He'd come home from work; he'd change his shirt and carefully hang up his suit, saving his good clothes so that he'd look neat in the morning; he'd go into the kitchen and greet his wife. "Darling," he would say. "Dear. Sweetheart. How are you, lover? Did you have a vexing day? Did the washing machine break down?" He'd kiss her. It was an artificial, painful performance, slightly ridiculous under the circumstances, but Darcy went through this rigamarole, he faithfully made the effort every night, because the pediatrician advised it for the sake of their son, to create a solid family atmosphere. Gary, a city child, was afflicted with a mysterious collection of allergies, and the doctors said the allergies were no doubt due to a basic sense of insecurity induced by the strained situation in the home. When Darcy came home from the Municipal Building, Gary would generally be in the living room, all by himself in there, looking at the television while he had his dinner. Darcy had to eat in the kitchen, at the kitchen table.

That was the way it was in that apartment in Jackson Heights. Darcy never blamed Natalie, his wife. He understood. He knew how the countless petty household cares and frictions could wear away on a person over the years. After all, to illustrate with a specific instance, Natalie worked hard all day, fighting with the butcher, watching the budget, running to the doctors with Gary and his rashes, and then when she'd come home and see Darcy, say, calmly playing Mozart's Symphony No. 40 in G Minor on the phonograph attachment—well, naturally she'd lose control and let go with a mean, caustic remark. It was human and probably didn't mean as much as it seemed.

One evening as Darcy was sitting at the kitchen table eating his dinner in an unhappy peace, the phone rang. His wife promptly flung a dish towel on the sink, and muttered something under her breath.

"What?" Darcy said.

"Nothing," Natalie said. "I wasn't talking to you. I was talking to myself. Your sister called. I told her you weren't home."

"Rita called?" Darcy said, a little stupidly, not wanting trouble.

"Don't sit there like a lummox—talk to her," Natalie said. "Answer the phone, it's ringing!"

Darcy winced. Rita and his mother were an old running argument in that house, the familiar, distressing, in-law problem. Natalie always claimed he spent too much time with his mother and sister, that he had no right to give them money every week when he had enough trouble supporting his own family, that his mother smothered Gary with excessive affection and had a bad influence on the child, and so on—all the rest of it. But when Darcy picked up the phone, it wasn't Rita at all. It was Arthur Colie. Colie and a man named Charles Angus were the two other examiners with whom Darcy worked down at the department. Colie was calling now to say something very urgent had turned up and they had to see him right away. Colie told him where to meet them, at an address over in Manhattan.

Darcy put the phone back on the rest. He couldn't imagine what Angus and Colie wanted with him or what could have turned up that was so terribly urgent, but on the other hand he knew he couldn't afford to keep them waiting. Charlie Angus was a power downtown. He had all kinds of political pull and had a hundred different subtle ways of making your life miserable for you if you tried to antagonize him.

"Flies to his mother the minute she calls him," Natalie said. She still had it in her head, of course, that it had been Rita on the phone.

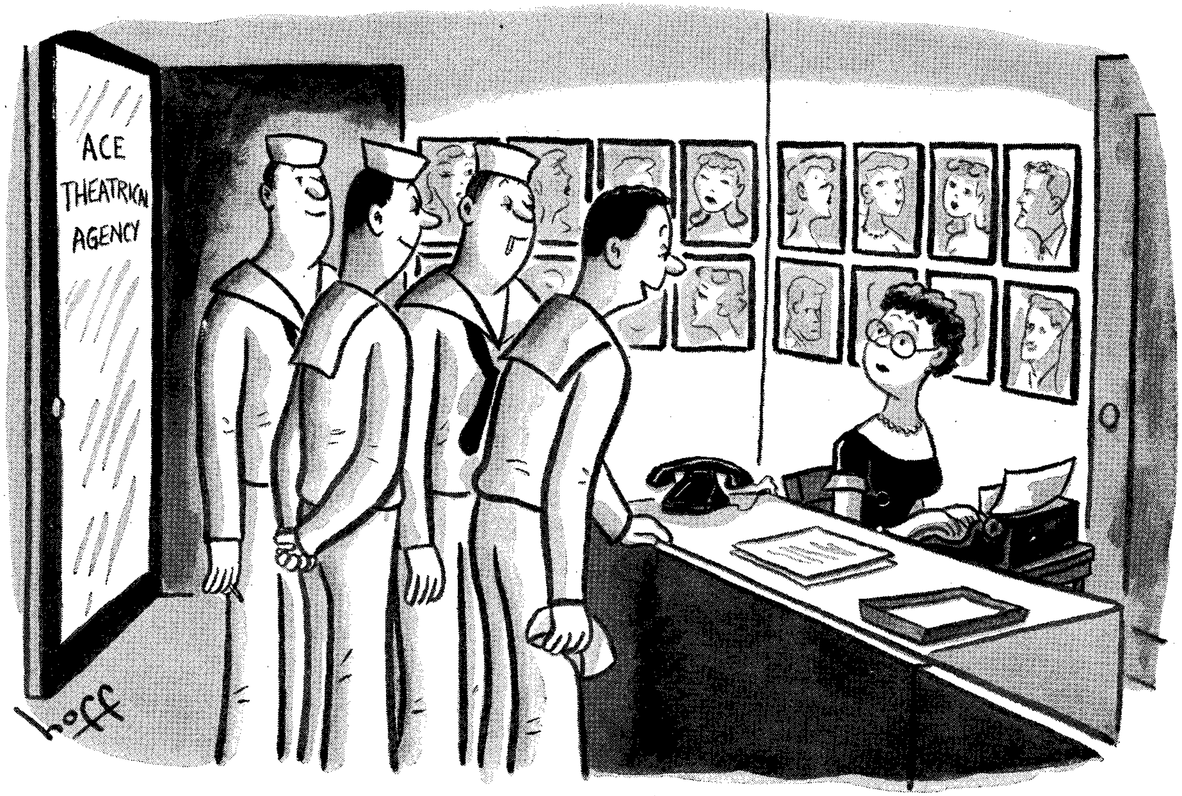
"I am not flying to my mother the minute she calls me," Darcy said quietly, with dignity, but he couldn't do a thing with Natalie. She was boiling. He patiently explained it had been Colie on the phone, not Rita or his mother—just Arthur Colie and Charles Angus. They wanted to see him, something had turned up, business, and he made it clear why it was only expedient to keep in the good graces of a man like Angus, but it was hopeless. Natalie wouldn't even listen to him.

Darcy understood. He knew it was a fixation with his wife, a subconscious resentment directed against his mother and sister because Natalie herself had never had any family life of her own, having lost her mother and father when she was still a child. Darcy sympathized. He made allowances. Psychologically everything was clear to him. But nevertheless it wasn't very satisfactory.

He put on the shirt he had just taken off. He put on his good suit, and he left to see what Angus and Colie wanted.

DARCY had a vague, peculiar feeling something was wrong as soon as he reached the address Colie had given him over the phone. It was an exclusive-looking apartment hotel in the East Sixties, just off

"You did hurt me!"



"We'd like to hire an all-girl quartet."

Fifth Avenue. Darcy stepped from the elevator into a fantastically lavish apartment—a triplex with one whole wall in the living room nothing but a big plate-glass window overlooking Central Park. It was the first time in his life he had even been in a triplex, although, of course, he had examined the plans of many of them in the course of his duties at the department.

At first, Darcy couldn't make head or tail of the whole business. He was so baffled he probably looked comical. There was a full-fledged party going on. He spotted Angus and Colie, but it wasn't easy getting to them in the crowd. Everybody was laughing and drinking and making noise, everybody was terribly friendly, everybody obviously was trying to get you in a good humor, and there were girls there—party girls, no question about it, the kind you read about in the papers. They were all made up and very young. Darcy kept blinking his eyes in wonder, like a fool, but he made a few guarded inquiries and soon discovered that the host, a man too busy to be present even at his own party, was Adolph Eckworth, a well-known public figure. Instantly everything became revealed to Darcy. Adolph Eckworth was the 990 Corporation, a construction group interested in putting up a forty-story hotel. Down at the office, Darcy, Colie, and Angus were right in the middle of examining the 990 Corporation plans. This whole party, Darcy saw now, was nothing but a clever, unscrupulous attempt to bring improper influence to bear upon them.

He went into action at once. Surreptitiously he caught Colie's eye, signalled to Angus, and drew them over to the bathroom. Darcy wanted to warn them.

"Do you know who's running this party?" he said as soon as he had locked the bathroom door. "Do you realize whose place we're in? Do you know why they invited us?"

He stopped. He stared at them. They were both grinning from ear to ear. They grinned at him as though they had just pulled the most delicious surprise in the world. It dawned on Darcy. How naïve could you get? Angus and Colie, of course, knew all about the deal, whatever it was. They were already part of it. They wanted him to come in with them—that was why they had called him.

"This is no candy-box proposition," Angus began. "These fellers ain't coming around Christmastime with no lousy three-dollar box of cigars, believe me. . . ."

Darcy got his breath back. "I don't want anything to do with it," he said, and turned at once to unlock the bathroom door. The general public impression about what goes on in city government to the contrary, Darcy had never before in his Civil Service experience come face to face with a clear-cut, out-and-out graft situation. He was shocked. He was also scared. The only thing he could think of was to get out of that fancy place as fast as he could. Angus and Colie, no longer grinning, were pulling at his shoulder, trying to make him listen, but he was so determined or panicked that there was no holding him.

"Include me out!" he said. He got the door unlocked and broke away.

You heard about graft, you read about it—the costly gifts, expense accounts, trips on yachts to Florida, party girls—but when you came upon it in person, the effect was altogether different. There was an impact, hard and unnerving and ugly, like witnessing a bad automobile accident or being on the scene while a holdup was taking place. Darcy was still very much excited and upset when he got home, and as he crossed the threshold, he was suddenly filled with a deep sense of misgiving. He started to worry. In his bones, he knew he hadn't heard the last of the matter from Arthur Colie and Charlie Angus. Darcy knew those boys weren't finished with him, not by a long shot.

Natalie was in the kitchen. "No courage whatsoever," she said, still firmly convinced he had gone to his mother's. "A grown-up man scared to death of his own mother. Nincompoop."

"What?" Darcy said, groggy and sinking, this disheartening, unfair insult coming now on top of everything. "What did you call me?"

"Nincompoop," Natalie said. "Nincompoop, with all the college degrees. Has the nervous disposition of a fly." She walked out of the kitchen and went into the living room, to get ready for bed. The Darcys slept in the living room, on a couch that opened up. Gary had the bedroom.

THE factor of safety that the city insisted on was extremely conservative, in some cases perhaps as much as three to one. Roughly, where any competent engineering authority would have been satisfied with, say, a steel support two inches deep, the city required five or six inches—a brutal expense, a brutal waste of precious rental space, all the room being taken up by the structural steel.

"Morally," Colie argued the next morning, when he and Angus went to work on Darcy, "morally we're not even doing anything wrong." After all, they weren't robbing anybody, were they? Nobody was getting hurt. Two inches or six inches, the 990 building wasn't going to fall down and kill a million people, no matter what.

It was a beautifully worked-out proposition, Colie said, perfectly safe. Who was going to start digging into a mountain of blueprints? How could anyone ever find out? By shaving the safety factor in just the steel-frame requirements alone, the examiners could easily—and so unobtrusively—save the builders hundreds of thousands. And the 990 Corporation, a hard-hitting, realistic bunch of go-getters, were ready to pay off handsomely for any favorable consideration. Colie wanted to weep. Without Darcy, he and Angus couldn't do a thing; their hands were tied.

"Have a heart," Colie said. "Show *me* a little consideration." Colie had personal difficulties which were common knowledge around the office. He was bitterly infatuated with his wife, who was a big headache. She was supposed to be some kind of beauty, but she had expensive tastes and didn't care how much money she spent, and so Colie was always in the clutches of the loan sharks. It was one of those unfortunate marital relationships—he had to pay through the nose for every single, solitary thing Mrs. Colie ever gave him or no sale. She had the upper hand. "Do you realize I owe in four figures?" Colie said. "Thousands, not hundreds. Thousands!"

"Don't be a goddam freak—take!" Angus said, breaking in impatiently. He was baffled, honestly unable to figure out a man like Darcy. "What the hell is it anyway?" Angus said. "You got a grudge against money?" He was an uncomplicated person, very direct and practical, without sensitivity. He was the one, with all his contacts, who had brought in the deal in the first place.

"Why not, for Christ sake?" he said. "The dentist calls up, suddenly your kid needs braces, his teeth are crooked—is it a tragedy? Six, seven hundred bucks they charge nowadays for braces—does it ruin you? No! It's a drop in the bucket, you don't even feel the damn six hundred. See, you'll become a wonderful father, a wonderful, generous husband. They'll look up to you with respect—you'll send your wife on cruises! Darcy, you got an idea the kind of dough this outfit is willing to hand out? There's eight thousand dollars in this for you, eight G—is this a sum of money you habitually sneeze at?"

Darcy shuddered, the size of the bribe only making him more frightened than ever. It turned out that Angus had bragged. He had told the Eckworth people he could deliver, that he had the deal all set and sealed, and it would put him in an acute embarrassing personal position if trouble developed now. He had given his word. "Make me out a monkey," Angus said, "and so help me, Darcy, you'll regret it!"

Angus and Colie made threats. They argued and begged. They hammered away at Darcy all day long, catching him in the office, in the halls, in the men's washroom, but nothing helped. Darcy wouldn't budge. He didn't give his reasons. He wouldn't even discuss the subject. It just wasn't in him to take a bribe or do anything off color, that was all. It was unthinkable.

"Stubborn like an ox," Angus said. "Who could ever foresee a cockeyed contingency like this? Goddam ethical kiyoodle!"

Around four o'clock in the afternoon, a forceful woman, no longer young but with a remarkably well-preserved figure for her age, suddenly came barging into the office where Darcy, Colie, and Angus worked. She was Mrs. Colie, and she was very angry, all tight and swollen up. She marched straight up to her husband and threw a set of keys on the drafting table before him.

"Eileen, what is this?" Colie said.

"The keys," she said. "The house keys. What do you think it is—a horse and carriage? I sent the laundry out. You'll get your gray suit back from the cleaners on Thursday." She was going to Lake Placid with friends and she was leaving immediately. It seemed a mink stole had just been repossessed.

"Dearest, don't make a scene," Colie begged. The door was wide open and everybody in the place could hear her. "Not in here, dearest. Not in front of the whole office—"

Colie reached out to restrain her, but she promptly knocked his hands down, backing away from him. "Don't you touch me! Keep your hands off!" she screamed. "You're always pulling and grabbing. That's why I have to go to Lake Placid. I need a rest. You're oversexed!"

"Eileen!" Colie said in horror, choking and shutting his eyes.

"It's love, love, love—morning, noon, and night," Mrs. Colie said. "Promises! You promise the moon, you buy me mink stoles, but when it comes down to business—baloney. I don't know when I'm coming back!"

She turned, walked out, and slammed the door. Colie knew it was useless to follow her. Absent-mindedly he picked up the keys and put them in his pocket.

"A man lives in a tiny overcrowded apartment," he said, his voice thin and anguished. "A man lives way out in Jackson Heights. He hasn't got a decent suit of clothes to his name. You offer him a gilt-edged proposition on a platter, and he don't want it!"

AFTER that, there was no holding Colie back. He became altogether intemperate and didn't seem to care what kind of language he used with Darcy. There was a bar-and-grill in the heart of the City Hall district, and after working hours Colie and Angus got Darcy squeezed in one of the alcoves there and battered away at him like a pair of maniacs. They kept it up for two solid hours, until Darcy was sick, literally sick, at his stomach.

He didn't get home until long past seven o'clock. No one would talk to him. Gary, of course, was in the living room, his attention taken up with the television, and as for Natalie, she kept busy at the range and wouldn't even look at her husband. He felt low. He could hardly swallow the food. It was as though the world was caving in on him. The atmosphere in the kitchen was oppressive. Natalie was in a terrible temper. He was befuddled by the whole Eckworth situation. And in the next room Gary was sitting at the bridge table like one of those potbellied Asiatic idols, fierce and implacable, with his compulsory television programs, with his mysterious allergies, with his everlasting, infernal basic sense of insecurity.

As soon as Darcy had had his dinner, Natalie let go. It was odd—it was somehow touching, and it didn't make much sense—but no matter how mad she might be at him, she waited until he finished eating before she started up. She wanted him to have a good meal inside of him, at least, before she began squabbling and getting him aggravated.

"Under no conditions," she said, straight out of the blue, "are we going to have dinner at your mother's this or any other weekend." Darcy looked up, groping helplessly for the cause of this outbreak, but it soon came out that it had no cause; Natalie was jumping to conclusions, as usual. Nobody had said anything about having dinner at his mother's. Rita had called up again, but it wasn't the phone call that had set Natalie off this time. It was the two hours he had spent at the Old Commercial. Natalie had put two and two together, and claimed she knew perfectly well where he had been and why. He had gone to his mother's again. Natalie claimed she had it all worked out, she understood everything now. Gary had a birthday coming up early next month and the possessive old woman, Natalie said, was only scheming and putting on the pressure to have a party, a dinner. That was what the whole hullabaloo was about—the phone calls, the visits.

"Oh, Natalie, for goodness' sake," Darcy said, squirming in torment. He started wearily, hopelessly, to tell her about Angus and Colie wanting him to accept a bribe, that he had been at the Old Commercial with them all the time.

"Don't tell me it was business," Natalie broke in. "Don't try to cover up. You're only lying."

"I'm lying?" Darcy said.

"Look at him, how self-righteous he is—butter wouldn't melt in his mouth," Natalie said. "That's the trouble with people like you, you rationalize. You justify every selfish, rotten thing you do. I always say you're the worst kind of a person there is—a good person. You're hypocrites. Get out of the kitchen, I have to clean up!"

Darcy went into the living room. His head was spinning. Suddenly the good cowboys started galloping after the bad cowboys, and Gary, who kept a bicycle horn at his side for just such occasions, promptly began honking away in a crazy fit, rooting his heroes along. Darcy begged him to stop, but Gary had no pity and honked all through the chase.

THE next morning Darcy sat down at the breakfast table dizzy with lack of sleep, no appetite in him.

"Drink your orange juice," Natalie said. She was in a rush. Gary was dawdling in the bedroom and she had to get him out for school.

"I don't want it," Darcy said.

"Drink it," Natalie said. "I went to the trouble of squeezing it for you, don't let it go to waste."

"Natalie," Darcy began, "this morning I just don't happen to feel like—"

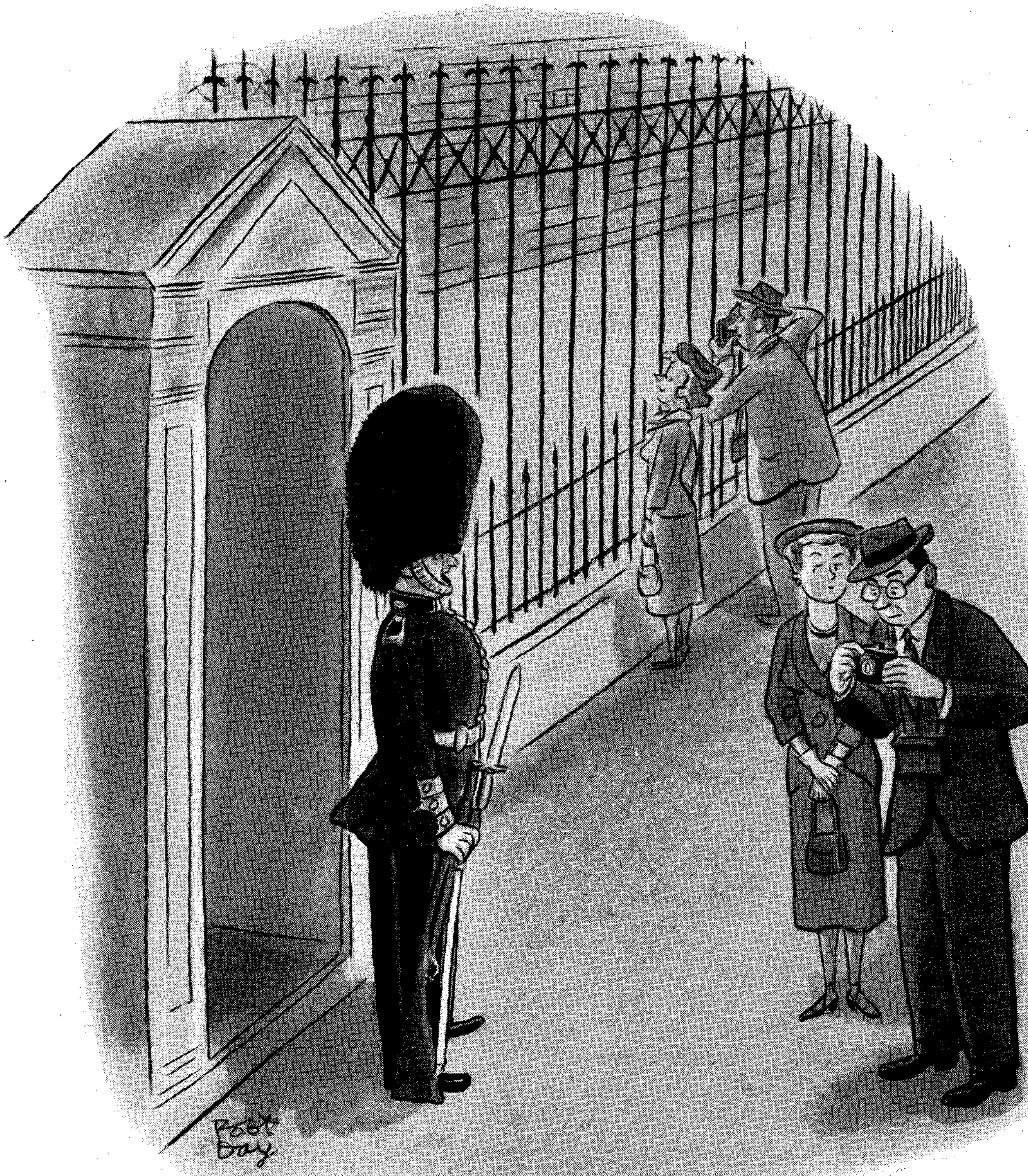
"Drink it up!" she said, blazing out at him. "Drink it or I'll throw it in your face!"

DARCY went to work. In the ten or eleven years of their marriage, he said to himself, he and Natalie had had their moments of distress, but they had never descended to such a sordid level. He had known for some time that his marriage was deteriorating, and for all he knew now, it was ruined for good, but he was so eaten away by the Eckworth business that he couldn't even stop and take the time to worry about Natalie and his marriage. When he walked into his office, Angus and Colie were standing there waiting for him.

Darcy held fast. As the day wore on, however, scrambling around and trying to fight back, he was less and less able to think clearly, and somehow his mind seemed to get hung up on the mechanics of bribetaking. To be perfectly honest, perhaps by this time he would have been willing to go in on the deal, except that he was overwhelmed by the maze of complications that would follow. "I wouldn't even know how to go about it," he said, protesting. What did they do, pay you by check or in cash? Even if it was in cash, you had to deposit the money eventually, and wouldn't the bankbooks, the bank entries, give you away? And what about the income tax? How did a person declare a bribe?

Angus slapped the drafting board hard. "O.K.," he said. "It's over. You agreed."

"I agreed?" Darcy said. "When? All



"Try f11 at 1/50."

I said, I said did they pay you by check or in cash—"

"Cash, cash," Angus said. "What that screwball finds to worry about! Income taxes! Didn't you ever hear of safe-deposit vaults? You buy a box for four dollars and you got no troubles. Now what's there left to kick about? So that's what I said—it's over. Thank God! What a time he give me! Boy!"

Angus now acted as though everything was settled. He turned away from Darcy, went to the drafting tables, and started getting together the blueprints of the 990 Corporation building.

Colie was bewildered. He couldn't understand what was going on, he said.

"The subject's closed," Angus said, cold and businesslike. As far as Colie could see, nothing had been arrived at, just words.

"Go away, don't bother me," Angus said. "He agreed—he can't back out."

"Ridiculous!" Darcy said when Colie turned to him. "Silliest thing I ever heard of. He misconstrued what I said. I was just asking academically."

"Angus, what's the good?" Colie pleaded. "He's a fanatic. You know him—a will of iron. He'll only go to the Commissioner or the D.A.—wherever they go to give information. He'll talk!"

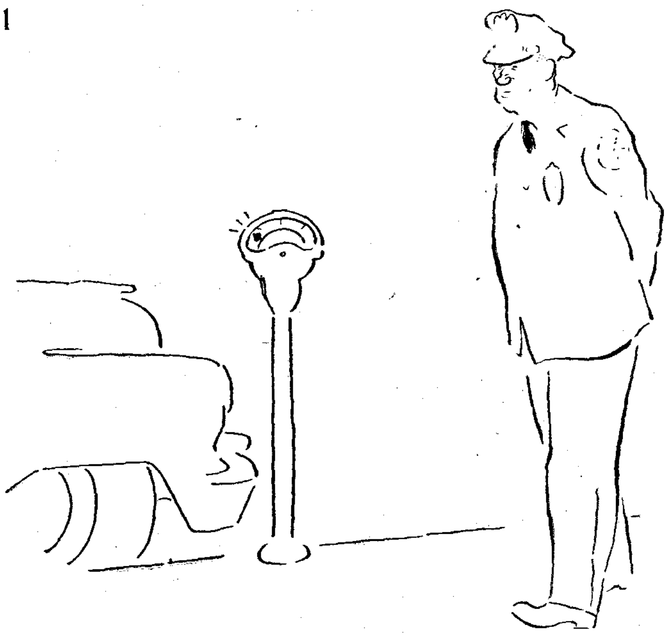
"No, he won't," Angus said. "What do you think—those parties are going to stand by idle? They won't sit in jail. If he squeals, they will come and get him. They will kill him!" Tight-lipped and unyielding, he picked up the bundle of blueprints and walked out of the office, taking the rest of the day off. A few seconds after he left, Rita, Darcy's sister, walked in. "It's disgusting," she said. "I have to get docked an hour just to see my brother—I can't reach you on the phone." What she had come to see him about was Gary's birthday. There was some justification for Natalie's suspicions, after all. On account of the occasion, Darcy's mother wanted to see the child this evening. This was, of course, strictly against Natalie's objections—the old excessive affection argument—but Rita went on shrilly, "Momma has a right, too. She's his grandmother. She's got a present to give him, a sweater she knitted all by herself."

"Rita, please!" Darcy said, but his sister refused to let him say a word.

"Natalie doesn't have to know. You can meet Momma outside in the park. Bring Gary downstairs to the park after dinner, after Captain Video—it's still light. For God's sake, Arnold, she worked on the sweater three whole weeks!"

Darcy was dazed. His head was reeling and there was something wrong with his eyes—he couldn't seem to focus very well. He nodded and said he'd meet his mother in the park—anything to get rid of Rita—and finally she left.

"What did I do?" Colie said, moaning to himself. He had been through a terrible time the last day or two and couldn't stand the thought now of having anybody's life on his conscience. "Oh, what did I go and get myself all involved for? All for a mink stole and a few lousy pieces of jewelry—I should have my head examined!"



ALL through the little visit with his mother in the neighborhood park, Darcy's mind raced in circles. He saw how diabolically effective Angus's tactics were. He, Darcy, would be presented with what amounted to a *fait accompli*. He faced the very real threat of murder or of serious bodily injury at the least if he tried to do anything about it. And in the meantime he had to intervene constantly and stop his mother. She was knocking Natalie.

"Momma, please!" Darcy said. "Gary's listening. It's not right."

"What am I saying? I'm only remarking," the old woman said, and innocently went on chattering to the boy.

In time, the visit was over. Gary took the present and thanked his grandmother, and Darcy was at last able to lead him back to the apartment. It was Natalie's turn tonight to go to the movies—she and Darcy went separately, an arrangement necessitated by financial stringencies but nevertheless without doubt one cause accounting for the poor success of their marriage—and Darcy hoped with all his heart that when he returned, his wife would be gone. But when he and Gary entered the apartment, there she was, right in the foyer, still fixing her hat at the mirror.

She kept talking to Gary, asking him did he have a nice time in the park? Did he go on the swing? Did he play with Donald?

"No, I didn't play with Donald," Gary said.

"You didn't?" Natalie said. "Why? Why didn't you play with Donald?"

Darcy wanted to groan aloud. Here it came. He just didn't have the energy in him for another flare-up with Natalie, and didn't know what he would do if she let out at him now, but luck was with him; Gary remembered his television programs, in the nick of time, and went darting off into the living room.

"What happened in the park?" Natalie said, confronting her husband.

"Nothing," Darcy said. "Absolutely nothing."

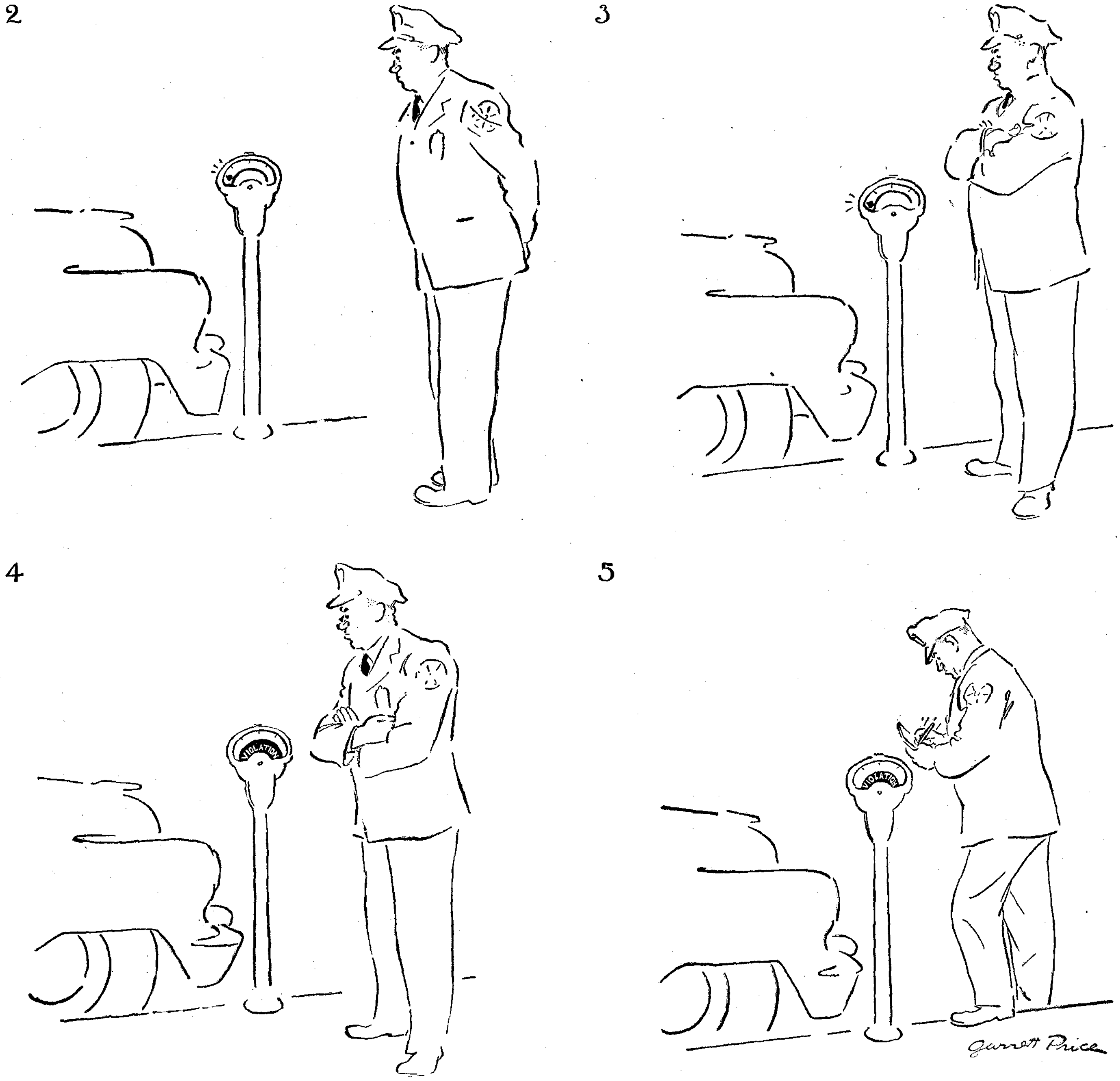
"Then why didn't he play with Donald?" she said. "Did they have a fight? Answer me."

"Natalie!" Darcy said. Something had got into him. It was an involuntary outburst. He found himself holding her by the shoulders, almost shaking her. She looked at him in wonder.

"Let go my dress," she said, "you're getting it all wrinkled."

"What happened to you, Natalie? How did it happen?" He gripped her shoulders tighter. He couldn't stop himself. He had had more than he could stand, but maybe it was all really because he saw her now—for once—not in an apron and house dress but wearing a nice blue linen dress, with white gloves and a little white piqué hat. She looked pretty, fresh and youthful, and it made him ache to see her like this. "How the dickens does a person change so completely?" he cried.

He reminded her how it had been ten and eleven years ago—how they took ferryboat rides all over New York Bay, how they spent whole afternoons just walking together in the Botanical Gardens, how they went to Lewisohn Stadium and Carnegie Hall and discussed Toscanini by the hour. He even



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reminded her of the time she had bought him a book of Japanese poems in translation.

"What are you talking about?" she said, flushing. "What book of Japanese poems?"

"Yes, Japanese poems—you remember, 'The Jade Garden,'" he went on passionately, still, however, holding his voice down—that hushed, agonized, damnable technique the Darcys had developed over the years so that they could have their quarrels and not disturb Gary and his inner equilibrium. "When I was in the hospital," Darcy said. "When I had my tonsils out."

"A remainder," she said, twisting and turning, trying to escape, to get away from his eyes. "Forty-seven cents—I bought it in a drugstore. What are you bringing that up for now, after all these years—"

She stopped. She became suddenly transformed, the guilt and unhappiness in her turning all at once into a blind, senseless rage. "What is that?" she said, pointing. "How did *that* get there? Did *she* give it to him?"

It was the sweater, lying on a chair in the foyer. Darcy had forgotten. Distracted as he was, he had forgotten all about the sweater!

"Is that why you took Gary to the park—to meet your mother? Is that why he couldn't play with Donald?"

"Yes!" Darcy said. "Yes! I *took* him to meet my mother."

"Didn't I expressly forbid it? Didn't I tell you a million times I never wanted that woman near him again?"

"She's his grandmother," Darcy said. "She has a right. I don't care what you told me!"

Natalie then became altogether uncontrolled and did something so painful, so dismaying, so unspeakable, that a shiver went through Darcy. She spat in his face.

"Natalie," he said, "Natalie, don't you ever do that again."

"I'll do it whenever I feel like!" she said, and spat in his face again.

Darcy struck her—not hard, a glancing blow, more a light slap really than a blow. He immediately regained control over himself and turned away, now ignoring her completely.

She was still hysterical. "You'll do everything I tell you, do you hear me? After I go, you'll open the couch and fix the bed. You'll give Gary his bath. You'll put him to sleep. You'll mop the floor. And you'll stay away from your mother. Nincompoop," she said. "Coward!"

SHE left. The place was very quiet now except, of course, for the gunplay and Western voices in the living room. "Got the petition ready, Lester?" "Comin' along slow, Dude. Folks ain't a-signin'. . . ."

Darcy wasn't in the least worked up and bedevilled any longer. It was surprising how clearheaded you could become, once you made your mind up on a definite course of action, regardless of the possible consequences. It was a relief. Darcy was tired of being helpless and uncertain all the time, flopping around like a man drowning in the middle of the ocean. Darcy was tired of meanness.

He calmly supervised Gary's play when the child finished with the television and turned to his electric trains. Later, he got the boy ready for bed, taking out his pajamas, giving him his bath, watching him brush his teeth. When Gary fell asleep, Darcy opened the couch in the living room and arranged the bedding, although he wouldn't be sleeping there tonight. He packed his briefcase—they had one good suitcase and he preferred to let Natalie have it. And now as he waited for the time to pass, he sat in Gary's bedroom and looked at the face of his son, sweet and dear in sleep.

In Darcy's apartment house, they had the self-service elevator and the stairs. You could always tell when somebody downstairs in the lobby took the elevator—you heard a certain click. Around eleven o'clock, the click came, and Darcy knew his wife was on the way up. He could leave now. Gary would only be alone in the apartment a few seconds. Darcy picked up the briefcase and went out into the hall and part way down the first flight of stairs. In another moment or two, the elevator door swung open. In the murky lighting from the landing, he watched his wife as she walked across the tiled hall to the door of their apartment, never once realizing that he was standing there looking at her all the time. She opened the door and went in, and Darcy walked swiftly on down the stairs.

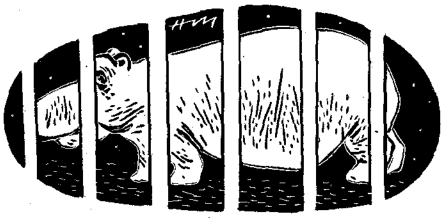
ANGUS was a bachelor and had a swanky bachelor's apartment in a residential hotel on the West Side. Darcy took the subway and went straight down there, late as it was. He walked in and said without preliminary that he was having no part of the 990 business. He wouldn't be bulldozed and he wanted the blueprints—nobody was presenting *him* with a *fait accompli.* Darcy spoke with grim determination, but Angus, who naturally had no way of knowing what had transpired that evening at the Jackson Heights apartment, never dreamed he was dealing with a radically changed man and made the mistake of treating him lightly.

"Jack Dalton of the U. S. Marines," Angus said. The blueprints were staying right where they were, Angus said. Everything was going to proceed exactly according to schedule, and there wasn't a damn thing Darcy could do about it, so what was he raising an unnecessary holler for? Angus said talk, talk, but in the last analysis Darcy knew good and well he would cave in and back down when the going got rough.

"You think so?" Darcy said.

"Sure," Angus said. "What the hell are you going around trying to create an impression for? You're a nonentity."

Darcy socked him on the nose, for the second time that night resorting to physical violence. Angus's eyes streamed profusely. He brought his hand up to his nose and then looked into his palm but his nose wasn't bleeding. "Boy!" he said, gulping.



Darcy banged out of the place. He didn't need the blueprints. The way he felt now, he didn't care about *fait accomplis* or reprisals or anything, and when he reached the sidewalk downstairs, he was still so charged with nervous tension that he did a nonsensical, almost deranged thing, one of those oddity items you always read in the papers: He attacked a car. It was parked in front of the building where Angus lived, a big black convertible—that fat, hateful symbol of graft, that smug reward for corruption, along with Angus's swanky bachelor apartment, along with the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar custom-tailored suits he always wore. Darcy methodically went to work on the tires, letting the air out.

A short, stout, middle-aged man Darcy had never seen before in his life came trotting out of the apartment building, dancing on the tips of his toes and holding up his hands in consternation. "Here, here, young man!" he exclaimed. "What *is* this? Stop! Please leave my car alone!"

"What?" Darcy said, glaring. The stranger took fright immediately and went scurrying back into the building. For a moment, Darcy thought of running after him to explain, to apologize, but then he realized that he'd get in trouble if he hung around there any longer, that he might be arrested.

What did I need all this excitement for, he asked himself. What have I

THE BLUEFLY

Five summer days, five summer nights,
The ignorant, loutish, giddy bluefly
Hung without motion on the cling peach,
Humming occasionally, "O my love, my fair one!"
As in the Canticles.

Magnified one thousand times, the insect
Looks farcically human; laugh if you will!
Bald head, stage-fairy wings, blear eyes,
A caved-in chest, hairy black mandibles,
Long spindly thighs.

The crime was detected on the sixth day.
What then could be said or done? By anyone?
It would have been vindictive, mean, and whatnot
To swat that fly for being a bluefly,
For debauch of a peach.

Is it fair, either, to bring a microscope
To bear on the case, even in search of truth?
Nature, doubtless, has some compelling cause
To glut the carriers of her epidemics—
Nor did the peach complain.

—ROBERT GRAVES

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"*And so we say goodbye to beautiful New England.*"

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done? What good is it? He felt deflated, the reaction setting in now, and as he walked along the dead deserted streets, his mind grew filled with dismal second thoughts. He was married to Natalie, he had a child to support. How *can* I leave them, he wondered. And what was I trying to prove up there in the hotel, socking Angus on the nose? When you come right down to it, nobody stands up to professional hoodlums. In his heart, Darcy was beginning to suspect the ignominious truth: that in all likelihood he *would* cave in; that he would probably go right back to Natalie; that in the end you never succeeded in changing anything. And what did I want from the car, he wondered dejectedly—a car owned, no doubt, by a thoroughly respectable man who has worked hard and honorably to obtain it? The car surely was the most idiotic thing of all.

DARCY rode to the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn—a local train all the way, making every station stop at that time of night—and got a room in the old wing. In the morning, he got up and shaved and showered, but he didn't go to work.

For the next four days, he didn't do much of anything. He kept pretty close to the hotel, wandering around in the lobby, looking at the people there at the bars or downstairs in the swimming pool. It was a weird, unreal kind of existence and soon Darcy had the feeling the hotel personnel were beginning to stare at him. Maybe Darcy imagined the stares, but in any case on the morning of the fifth day he checked out of the hotel, and went down to the department.

As he walked in, Angus took one look at him and immediately let out a strange, mystifying howl. "See?" he yelled, not at Darcy but at Colie. "See, you dumb little pest? There he is! I told you—I didn't make the deal! Nobody murdered him! Nobody abducted him! Do you believe me now?"

"Leave me alone," Colie said. "I'm exhausted. I'm a mental wreck."

"Conscience, conscience!" Angus said bitterly.

Darcy watched and listened in wonder, but actually it wasn't so mystifying, and in a few moments he had it all straightened out. What had happened was that when the office called up to inquire where he was, Natalie, understandably enough, was too ashamed to tell the truth—that her husband had left her following a domestic quarrel. She had been evasive. She had said she had no idea where he was or why he had gone away or what had happened to him.

Colie had feared the worst. He had thought Angus had made the deal secretly, and that the thugs had already gotten ahold of Darcy. And so, night and day, every minute of the time Darcy had spent at the St. George, Colie had been on Angus's neck, driving him crazy.

"You wait," Angus said, talking to Darcy now. "You'll get yours yet." Angus was sick and tired of everything. The 990 deal was dead. He had brought the blueprints back to the office and called all bets off, explaining that he was in no position to undertake ambitious ventures. "I'll take care of you," he said to Darcy, and walked out of the office, still muttering angrily.

Colie and Darcy worked side by side all day, and then when it was time to go home, Colie stood up and insisted on shaking hands. "Personally, I think you made the wrong decision," he said sadly. Apparently Mrs. Colie was still away at Lake Placid. "But if that's the way you felt about it, then that's the way it had to be. Because people have to go according to their makeup. What's the use? We're none of us strong enough to fight against our nature. I know."

He turned and left. Darcy waited a few moments and then walked to the elevators in the hall.

The thousands and thousands of Civil Service employees poured out of the big, dirty municipal buildings and streamed off to the various subway entrances. Soon, in the whole City Hall district there were only scattered groups of people here and there on the streets. Darcy idled about, drifting aimlessly. After some time, he walked into the Old Commercial and managed to kill an hour or two there. Around eight o'clock, he got up from the table and did what he knew all along he would do. He went into the phone booth and called up Natalie.

She didn't burst out at him or cry when she heard his voice at the other end of the wire. She kept controlled. They were both stiff and self-conscious.

"I'm coming home," Darcy said.

"Oh?" Natalie said.

Darcy faltered. "I don't quite know how to take that as an answer. What do you mean, 'Oh'?"

"Nothing—'Oh' . . ."

"Do you want me to come home?"

"Where are you?"

"Where am I? What difference does it make where I am? I'm in a public phone booth, downtown. Do you want me to come home?"

"Do what you like. Whatever will make you happy."

Again Darcy halted. "I don't quite know how to take that as an—"

"Do you love me?" Natalie interrupted.

"What?" Darcy said.

"Do you love me?"

"Yes," Darcy said.

She kept silent. Darcy didn't know what to say, and for a moment or two they just stayed there holding the phone at each end, nothing happening. Finally Natalie spoke. "Then all right," she said, slowly, quietly, and hung up.

Gary was asleep in the bedroom when Darcy came home. The house was quiet. It looked tidy and neat and pleasant. Natalie didn't speak. She wasn't mad—just neutral. Darcy didn't say anything, either. Natalie brought him his dinner—lamb chops, green peas, and a glass of milk. When she had finished putting the food on the table, she quickly left the kitchen.

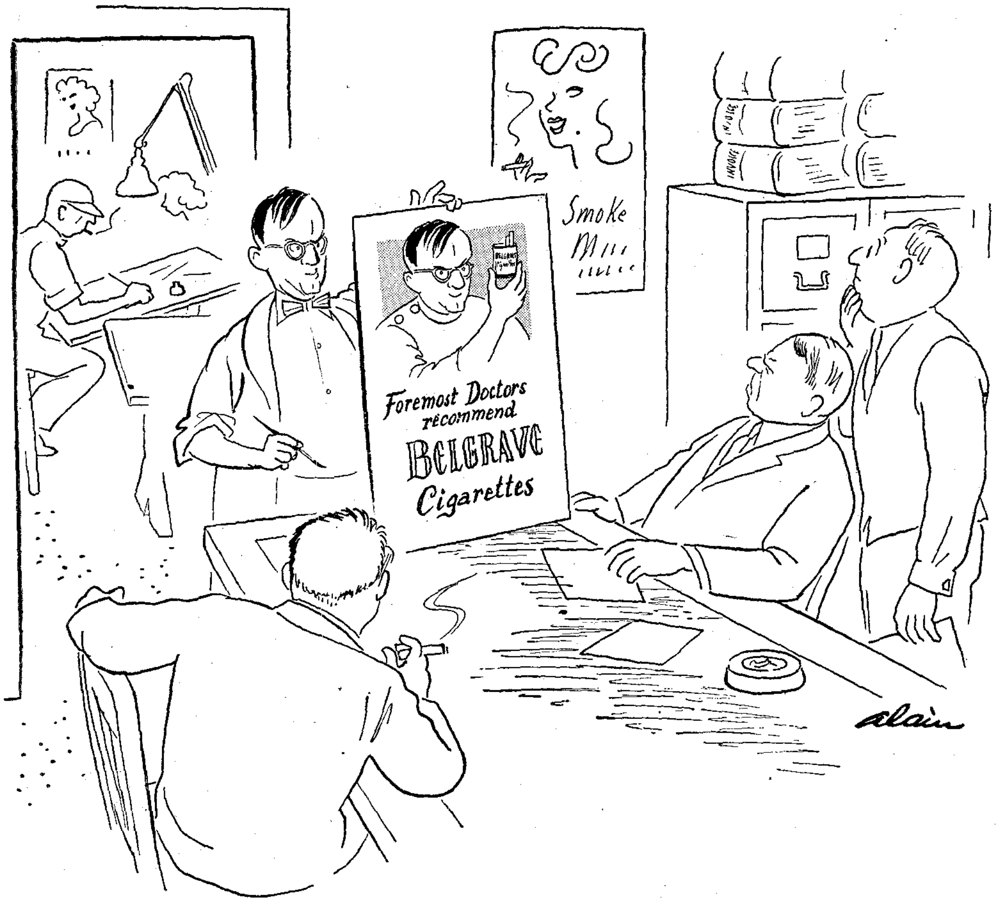
Darcy could tell the lamb chops were specially prepared; they were pan-broiled and looked appetizing. He started to cut into one of them, but just then he saw the note. It hadn't been there a moment before. Natalie must have slipped it onto the table as she walked out of the kitchen. He put his knife and fork down and took the note.

This is what it said:

> DEAR ARNOLD,
>
> You have always said how wonderful it was to have a nice home and a wife and a son such as you have. At least, I know, you are really a devoted family man. But I must admit that I do not really know you as well as I thought, because of what you did. I realize it was done in a moment of great anger, despair, and frustration. But you must never do this again, at least without consulting me first. We must discuss things. There must be no concealed problems that cause needless inner conflicts.
>
> Arnold, I think you are really very nice. I am very unhappy away from you and I know that now. You are good-natured, intelligent, and you like to do favors for other people. Of course, you have a few faults. You are quite stubborn and you have admitted this yourself. Another fault is the fact that you are too impulsive and emotional. Every expression on my face, every word and gesture of mine seems to affect you to a degree never intended by me.
>
> I propose not to say anything further to you about the awful thing you did. Let it all be forgotten. Gary was very ill when you left and I was all alone. I have no parents, sisters, or brothers. That is why you should never have done what you did! Between Gary and you, I was frantic. Then, I couldn't tell anyone about this! The whole time, I never slept and ate practically nothing. I lost eleven pounds in four days.
>
> Gary is much better. At first, he will be a little shy with you; but I believe he will forget eventually. Act normally with him, as though nothing untoward took place.
>
> Love,
> YOUR NATALIE

He finished the note and started to read it all over again, but suddenly he stopped. He couldn't go on. He folded the paper carefully and then covered it with his hand. Now the refrigerator motor hit, the current automatically switching on the way it does in electric refrigerators. Darcy started counting silently, one, two, three, four, five, continuing until the current should go off again. In the stillness of the kitchen, the motor throbbed and throbbed, like a beating heart, and Darcy counted fiercely, concentrating his whole mind on this pointless, peculiar little task.

—DANIEL FUCHS



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The fact that maids of honor were served to George III at the time of his coronation is easily explained by his great fondness for them. Legend has it that he ordered quantities of them for his tables at Windsor and Kew.—*The Times.*

Don't give us that sweet-tooth stuff.

PROFILES

THE DEFENSE OF EVERYBODY—I

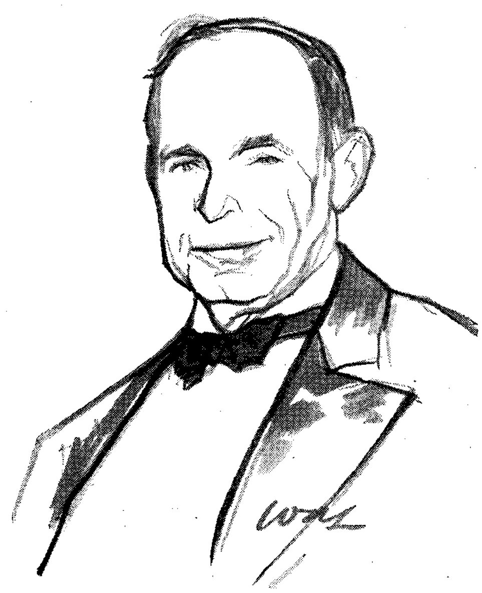
Roger Baldwin describes himself as "the only man who ever made a professional career out of defending the Bill of Rights." He founded the American Civil Liberties Union in 1920, was its director for thirty years, and is now its national chairman. He is also, at sixty-nine, the energetic chairman of the International League for the Rights of Man, which has affiliates in Europe, Asia, and the Americas, and which aims at nothing less than the global diffusion of civil liberties. Its voice, speaking through Baldwin, is frequently heard in the United Nations. Spry, lean, kinetic, Baldwin is constantly in a state of motion, hurrying to his next appointment, ten minutes late, or breezing in from the last, ten minutes late. His clothes are drab and unpressed; when he is on the go, a shabby briefcase swings at his side, bulging with letters and printed matter. A Proper Bostonian by birth, he has a long, New England face, the bleakness of which is confused by deep lines of humor and craft about the nose and mouth; every now and then, a sly satyr's look peeps out disconcertingly. His personality, similarly, is contradictory—a mixture of idealism and cynicism, of enthusiasm and calculation, of the moral crusader and the smart operator.

The American Civil Liberties Union is Baldwin's personal creation. Seldom has there been so complete an identification of an individual and an organization. Arthur Garfield Hays, who has been one of the Union's general counsel since 1920, was once asked how important Baldwin was in the organization. "The American Civil Liberties Union *is* Roger Baldwin," he replied. He might have added that Baldwin's biography pretty much covers the history of civil liberties in this country since 1917, when he gave up a job as a social worker to become the nation's most vocal champion of the Bill of Rights.

Because Baldwin has spent most of his adult life defending, at very modest salaries, civil liberties, he is often regarded as a typical "do-gooder"—a high-principled, unworldly person whose head is as soft as his heart. This impression is far from accurate. Like the late Harry Hopkins, another former social worker who was often misunderstood, Baldwin is a crusader whose shield bears strange devices. Power and success have always attracted him. An operator by instinct, he shies away from reflection, moral or intellectual, and seeks out the levers of power—and those who control them. As a dedicated reformer, he will support power only when he believes it is being exercised beneficently, but he acquires that belief rather easily at times, as in the mid-thirties, when for a while he had the illusion that Stalin's empire was moving, glacierlike, toward the promised land of democracy and Socialism. Philosophical questions about means and ends interest him very little. His viewpoint is pragmatic—not so much "Is it right?" as "Will it work?" He doesn't believe in protest votes and, although a man of Socialist leanings, he has never voted for his old friend Norman Thomas, the perennial Socialist campaigner. Since 1912 he has voted Democratic in every Presidential election except that of 1924, when he voted for La Follette because he thought the Progressives had a chance. He was right; La Follette got five million votes, by far the biggest third-party vote on record.

Even Baldwin's faith in civil liberties is impregnated with pragmatism. Writing about him in the *American Mercury* a quarter of a century ago, R. L. Duffus noted, "He does not believe in natural rights, and when he invokes the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, it is because they are weapons conveniently left available by a dominating class. . . . He likes to quote a hardboiled friend who observed: 'Those who have power call their wishes justice. Those who have not power call their wishes rights.' " This is still Baldwin's approach. "Natural rights don't interest me," he says. "They're not practical. Men do feel a need for them, but you've got to have some law, or at least a living tradition, to appeal to, or else you don't get anywhere."

Joseph Freeman, who was once the Union's publicity director, has a discerning passage on the Baldwin of the mid-twenties in his book "An American Testament," which appeared in 1936: "He never admitted to himself that his chief interest lay in political power rather than in the arts, in nature, or in abstract social justice. He was a John Adams who imagined himself a Prince Kropotkin. . . . He fancied himself an anarchist of the philosophic kind, devoted to the ideal man in the ideal society, contemptuous of practical politics; a libertarian above the battle. . . . In spite of this image of himself, he poured

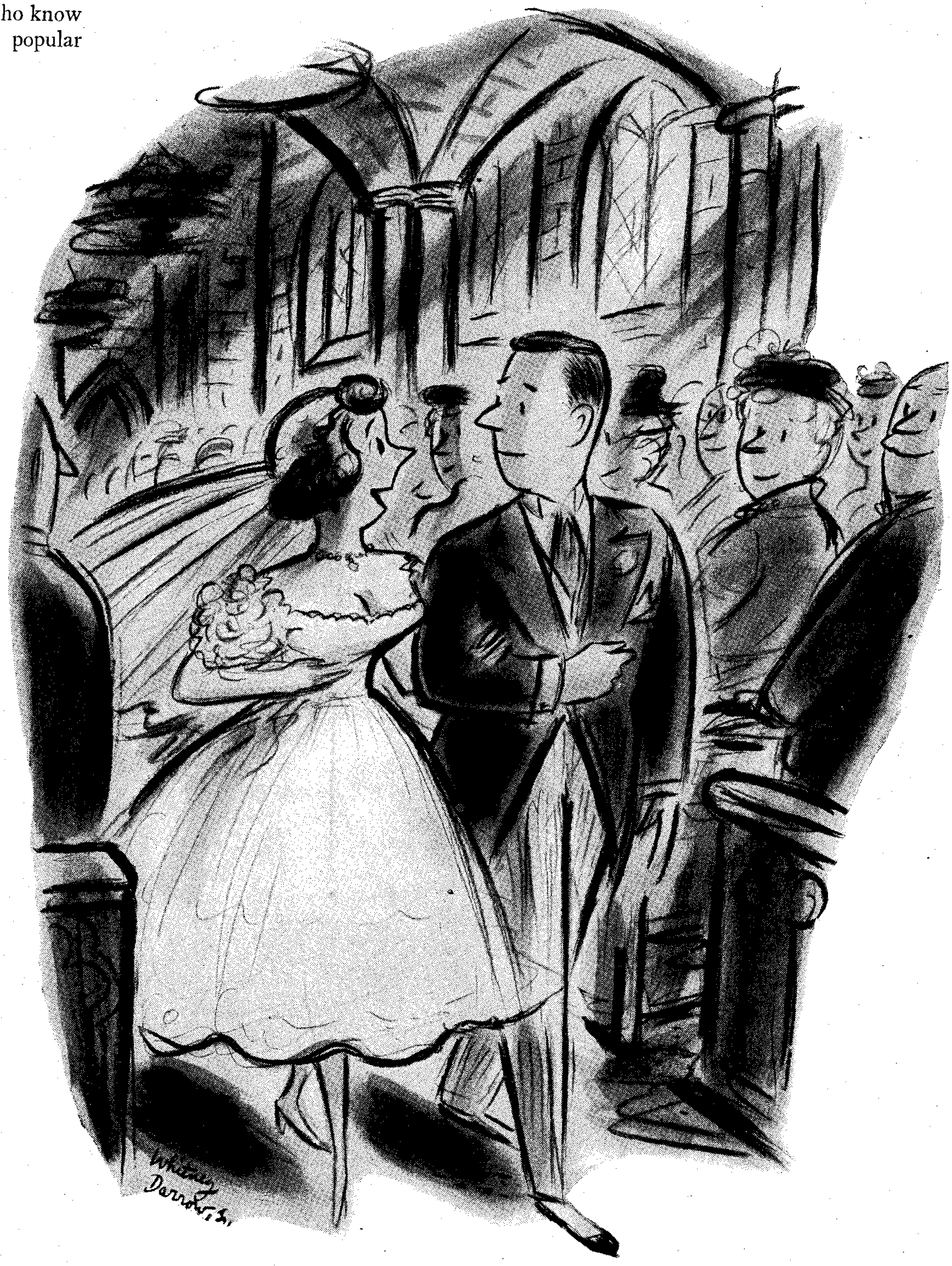


Roger Baldwin

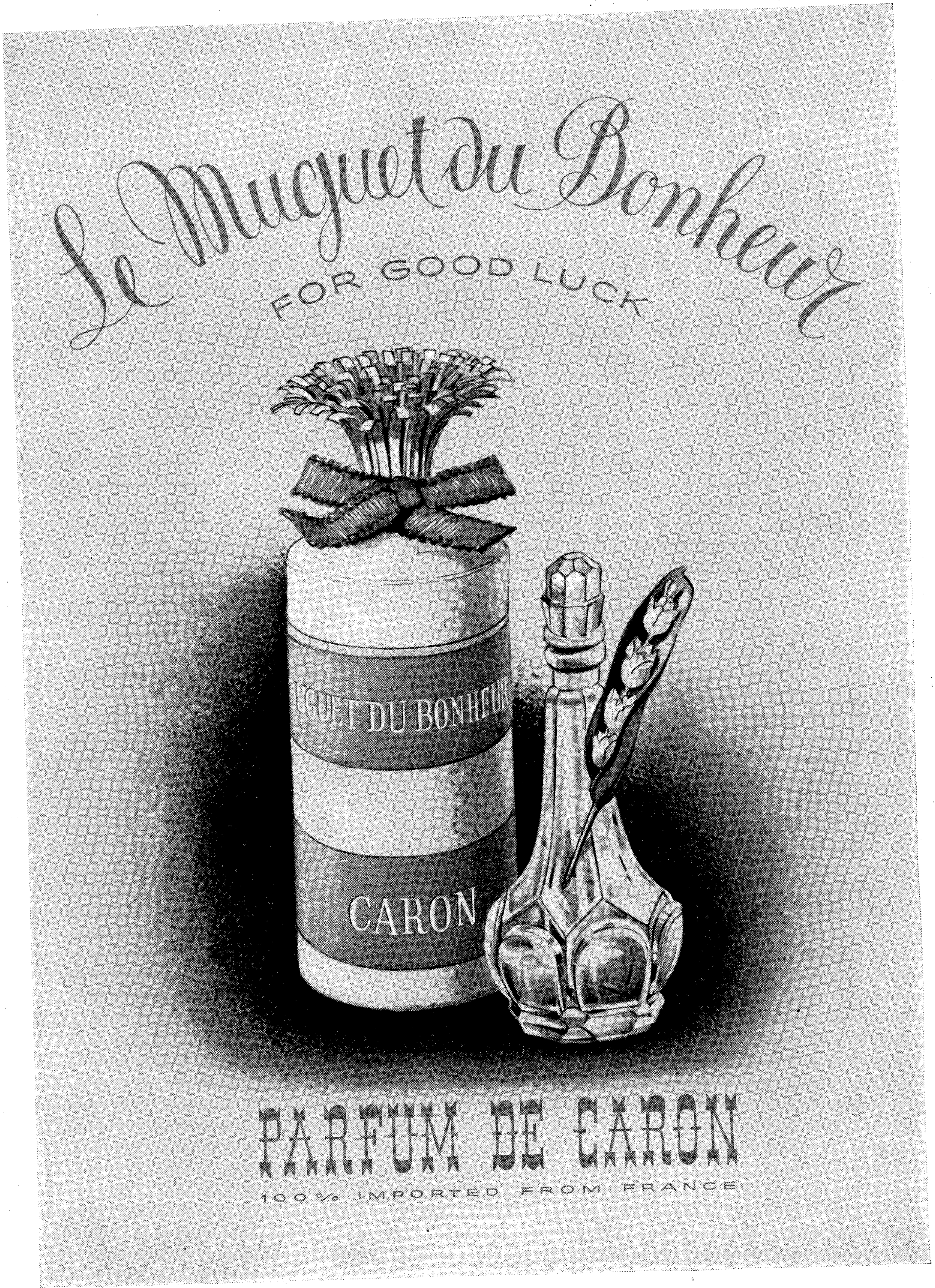
out his indefatigable energy in a hundred committees and organizations, busy morning, noon, and night playing the very politics he despised, from which he always longed to escape and to which he always returned. His need for affecting his environment directly and externally was so acute that nothing was too great or too small for him to meddle with. He took as much pride in preventing shrub fires in his Jersey village or compelling the local railway to regulate locomotive whistles so that the villagers could sleep in peace as in securing the release of political prisoners condemned under the criminal syndicalism laws."

In many ways, Baldwin and his friend Norman Thomas are alike. They wear the same baggy clothes, address public gatherings with the same high-pitched vehemence, and have the same look of worn rectitude. For thirty-six years, they have been crusading together for the rights of the underdog. But there is a difference. An acquaintance of both puts it this way: "When Norman hears about some injustice, he fires up, gets red in the face, bangs his fist on the table, and says, 'That's an outrage!' But I've never seen Roger get sore. He leans back, smooths his hair over his bald spot, and says, 'Let's see. What's the angle here?' Roger's reactions are entirely professional, clinical. He'd no more think of getting angry or upset about a violation of civil liberty than a surgeon would about a case of cancer."

In repose, Baldwin looks like a country doctor or a retired farmer. But when he is talking, which is his normal state, he goes through a series of protean, and urban, changes. He is the high-pressure salesman, ingratiating and persuasive; the easy, humorous after-dinner speaker; the confident expert, threading his way among technicalities with brisk mastery; the quick, incisive debater; the crusader in a noble cause, bold and impassioned. He is, in a word, articulate. Although he is a very moderate drinker, three glasses of sherry setting him up for the evening, he has a convivial temperament. He gets on a first-name basis quickly and maintains it in the face of discouragement. It is in committee work, the essence of all "cause" activities, that his peculiar talents find their greatest scope. He insists that he detests committees, but his protestations sound to people who know him like the complaints of a popular débutante about her exhausting social schedule. All committee meetings, whether of a gambling syndicate or a charity ball, of Communists or State Department officials, have certain qualities in common. Most of the time is taken up with long-winded speeches that either miss the point or labor it to death; the agenda is usually inverted in such a way that the significant items turn up at the end, after hours of trivia; the chairman is either so easygoing that a few glib members monopolize the discussion or so authoritarian that nobody has his say. The average, or untalented, committee member reacts in one of two ways, each of them unfortunate. He simmers with repressed wisdom, antagonizing everyone by his badly concealed impatience and contempt, and, when he finally gets the floor, crams so much into his brief moment that he sounds like a fanatic, if not a madman. Or, more commonly, he becomes so depressed that he cannot express himself at all, and the most ruinous policies are adopted without rousing him from his apathy. But the committee is Baldwin's native habitat. He is an expert chairman, keeping the discussion firmly to the point and yet giving each speaker the feeling that he is getting in his two cents' worth. As a rank-and-file member, Baldwin can turn himself on and off like an electric-light bulb. His listening face is neutral, withdrawn, patiently enduring, suggesting that of a man breasting a wintry gale, while every line of his slumped body expresses a tolerant, weary courtesy. When (at last!) he gets the floor, he lights up instantly, and begins to speak concisely and with authority. He knows how to give an impression of almost painful sincerity when he is in fact avoiding the real point at issue; his open manner, indeed, is deceptive, for he is at heart a master of the backstairs finagling that seems to be inseparable from committee work in even the worthiest causes. Pulling strings, seeing the right people, avoiding the wrong people, taking advantage of technicalities when they are in his favor and loftily brushing them aside when they are not, making compromises and adjustments—the whole repertoire of committee *Realpolitik* has become second nature to him. And he is far from unskilled in the more public aspects of his job. He is at home in the chief styles needed for "cause" oratory—the Light and Intimate; the Lucid, or Statistics-Show; the Candid, or Let's-Face-the-Facts; the Satirical; the Dynamic-Progressive; and the Vibrato-Humanitarian. He can be folksy at a


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Oh, Donald, I do hope you're going to make me a good husband."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ladies'-club luncheon and a few hours later tear a revolutionary passion to tatters at a labor-defense banquet.

ONE of the many difficulties Baldwin has met as a professional defender of the Bill of Rights is the fact that few Americans know what it is. Out of every four persons interviewed on the subject by the University of Denver's National Opinion Research Center in 1944, one had never heard of the Bill of Rights, two had heard of it but couldn't identify it, and only one had a pretty good idea of what it was all about. Considering that the poll was taken at a time when the United States was fighting an enemy from which it was distinguished largely by the content of the document in question, these answers were discouraging. There is little reason to believe that the response to such a poll would be much less disturbing today, when another totalitarian system threatens.

The Bill of Rights consists of the first ten amendments to the Constitution. The delegates to the Constitutional Convention, being mostly well to do and conservative, were more interested in property rights than in human rights. They unanimously voted down a motion for adding a Bill of Rights to the Constitution. When they tried to get their Constitution ratified by the states, however, they were obliged to promise that one would be added later, by amendment. Thomas Jefferson, who, as our Minister to France, had been absent while the Constitution was being drawn up, was especially indignant at the omission, and upon his return, he led the movement for the Bill of Rights and helped draft it. One of the first acts of the first Congress was to pass the first ten amendments, which the states then ratified. Thus, historically, if not formally, the Bill of Rights is part of the original Constitution.

The First Amendment is the most important. It guarantees freedom of religion, speech, press, and public assembly. The Second and Third, no longer of much significance, give people the right to bear arms and not to have soldiers quartered on them. The Fourth through the Eighth protect the individual. "No person shall . . . be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law," states the Fifth, and elsewhere in these five amendments this principle is spelled out in detail: A person cannot be tried twice for the same offense, or forced to incriminate himself; his body, papers, house, and effects may not be searched or seized without a proper warrant; if he is accused of a crime, he has a right to know the charges against him, to cross-examine hostile witnesses and subpoena witnesses in his favor, to have a lawyer, and to get "a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury;" if he is convicted, he cannot be subjected to excessive fines or to "cruel and unusual punishments." (Jefferson and the other authors of the Bill evidently thought the people needed protection from their protectors—the police, the courts, and other agencies of the state. With remarkable prescience, they defined precisely the individual rights that today differentiate a democratic society from a totalitarian society.) The Ninth and Tenth Amendments are general safety clauses, also indicating the authors' suspicion of the centralized state, which make it plain that just because certain rights are specified, it does not follow that the people do not retain other rights, not mentioned; powers not delegated to the federal government are reserved to the states, or to the people.

Two later amendments—the Fourteenth and the Fifteenth—are also important in connection with civil liberties. Enacted after the Civil War to safeguard the newly freed Negroes, they require the states, as well as the federal government, to respect the Bill of Rights and to permit all citizens to vote, regardless of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." At least that was the idea. In 1873, however, the Supreme Court in effect repealed these amendments by denying that they applied to flesh-and-blood persons and interpreting them as applicable only to business corporations—which by a legal fiction are "persons"—threatened by state regulation. In 1945, after seventy-two years of judicial suspension, the Civil War amendments were interpreted by the Supreme Court to mean what they were meant to mean, and they have been so interpreted ever since. The effect on the South has already been considerable.

The Bill of Rights refers to "people" rather than "citizens." Its framers clearly intended it to cover literally everybody within the boundaries of the United States; they thought men had rights as human beings rather than as members of some political, religious, or racial group. Baldwin, too, is a man with an overwhelming conviction that civil liberties must apply to one and all. Under his influence, the American Civil Liberties Union has hewed to this line, letting the ideological chips fall where they might. This is a more unusual position than it may sound. Most civil-liberties outfits are what is commonly known as "defense organizations;" that is, they are set up to defend one particular group—Negroes, Jews, Communists, trade-unionists, Jehovah's Witnesses, and so on—and are inclined to be indifferent about the rights of outsiders. The old International Labor Defense, for example, used to love and help only Communists, whereas the Civil Liberties Union loves no one and helps anyone whose rights it thinks have been violated. Accordingly, when Earl Browder, at the time of the Nazi-Soviet pact, was tried for making false statements on a passport application, the I.L.D. defended him because he was a Communist and the Union did not because an indictment for perjury is not a violation of the Bill of Rights. But when Browder was given an unusually severe sentence, the Union thought he was being persecuted for political reasons and supported his unsuccessful appeal. (The Union felt its suspicion was confirmed when President Roosevelt let Browder out of jail after Germany invaded Russia.) The Union's detachment has at times been Olympian. During one period in 1923, it was simultaneously defending the right of the Ku Klux Klan to hold meetings in Catholic-dominated Boston; of Catholics to teach school in Akron, where the school board was dominated by the Klan; and of Communists to show movies in Providence against the combined opposition of the Klan and the Catholics.

Defending everybody means offending somebody. Baldwin's insistence on free speech for Fascists during the Second World War cost the Union a number of members, including Freda Kirchwey, of the *Nation*, who resigned from the Union's National Committee. Negroes are often less sensitive to the rights of the Ku Klux Klan than the Union is. Many Jews consider the Union far too solicitous of the rights of anti-Semites. (The Union backed the New York City Board of Education against what the Union called "the pressure of certain misguided Jewish interests," which tried to get "Oliver Twist" and "The Merchant of Venice" removed from school libraries; it also successfully opposed a federal law that would have barred from the mails material designed to arouse group or race hatred, for which effort it was called "anti-Semitic" by a Jewish organization.) Many trade-unionists were angry when, in 1938, the Union defended Henry Ford's right to denounce unions to his employees; nor were they pleased—at least not those on top—

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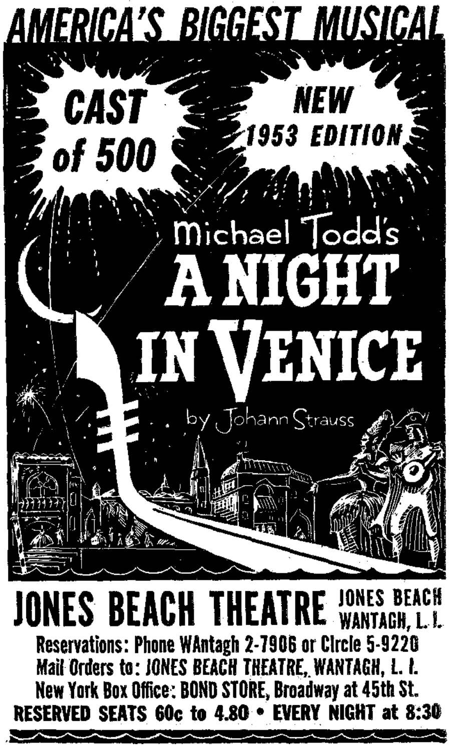
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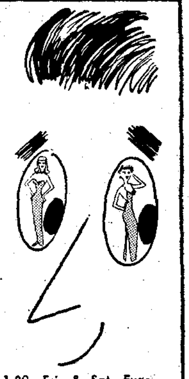

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about the Union's 1943 investigation of democracy *inside* unions.

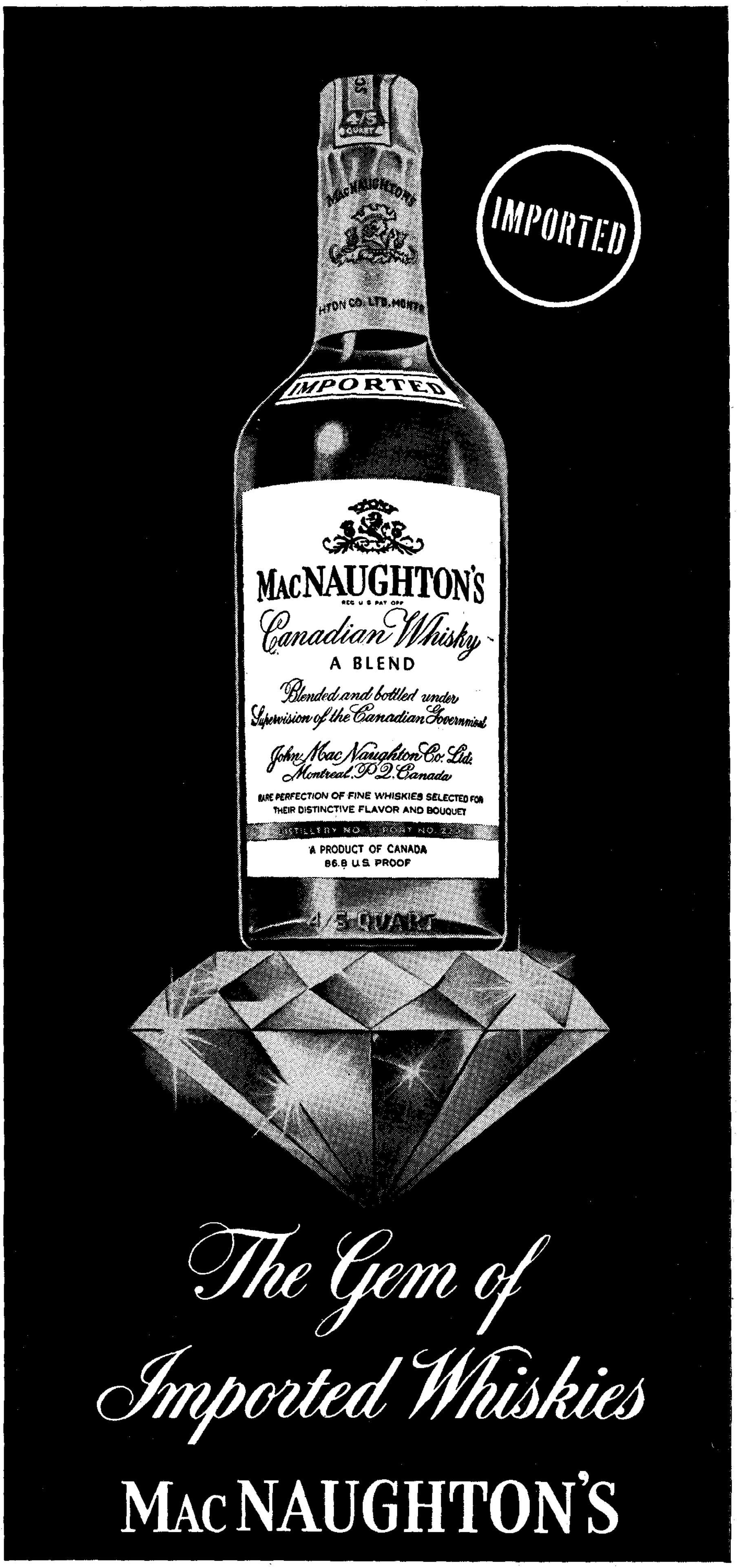
If minority groups at times find the Bill of Rights an irritating document, it is hardly surprising that the popular and powerful respect it only moderately. That anyone respects it at all can be attributed to the resistance of minorities to majority pressure, backed by a still-living American tradition of tolerance, which is often enforced by the courts, and by the exertions of unofficial organizations of busybodies who are willing to spend their time, money, and energy in protecting other people's rights. By all odds the most important of these groups of self-appointed brother's keepers is the American Civil Liberties Union, which consists of some twenty-six thousand members, seventy-five National Committeemen, twenty paid staff workers, one director, about eight hundred volunteer lawyers, and thirty-five members of the Board of Directors. The list is in ascending order of importance. While Baldwin was head of the Union, its members had two functions: They got the Union's monthly bulletin in the mail, and they paid annual dues of from two dollars up, depending on how much they chose to give. They met not, neither did they vote. Theirs was the vague, impotent existence of the shades Ulysses met across the Styx, or of members of the National Geographic Society. Such rank-and-file activity as there was took place wholly in the local branches, known as "affiliates," which were only loosely connected with the Union. The post-Baldwin regime has brought the affiliates—there are currently eighteen of them, the biggest being in New York City (the local affiliate maintains headquarters that are separate from the national organization's), San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia—into a closer relationship with the Union. They still have their own officers and organizations, but in most cases their members, who in the past sometimes didn't even belong to the Union itself, now belong to it automatically and pay their dues to the national office, which remits a varying percentage to the affiliates. The Union's entire structure, in fact, has become more democratic. The National Committee and the Board of Directors used to be self-perpetuating bodies. Now the former is elected by the Union membership, and the latter is chosen by itself in conjunction with the National Committee and the boards of the affiliates. The National Committee, headed by Baldwin, consists of seventy-five names that look fine on a letterhead, including those of J. Robert Oppenheimer, Bill Mauldin, Melvyn Douglas, Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick, Archibald MacLeish, and five bishops. The chief function of these personages is to take part, once a year, in the election of the Board of Directors, which may also consult them once or twice a year. The rest of the time, they stay where they belong—on the letterhead.

The Union's twenty paid employees work in an elderly office building on lower Fifth Avenue. There is little continuity between the present staff and the one Baldwin supervised; a few of today's lesser employees served four or five years under him, but none of the men who are now executives were with him more than three years. The new director is Patrick Murphy Malin, a Philadelphia Quaker who married a Biddle and for a long time taught Money and Banking at Swarthmore. During the Second World War, he was an executive in the Office of Price Administration and, later, in the Inter-Governmental Committee on Refugees. Like Baldwin, he is genial, vigorous, and articulate, but the resemblance stops there. ("We'll never find another eccentric like you, Roger," remarked one colleague, with a mixture of regret and relief, when Baldwin resigned in 1950 to move on to his present job.) For if Baldwin is the prickly, odd entrepreneur type that starts things, Malin is the smooth, conventional administrative type that keeps them going. From a one-man show, reflecting its master's temperament in its virtues and its defects, the Union under Malin is now evolving into a more normal organization—a collective body, in which even the members have a voice.

"The Union's chief efforts are directed to the courts," a circular put out by the organization two or three years ago explains. Much of this court work is done by the eight hundred volunteer lawyers, who constitute a sort of nationwide panel. Accepting no fees from the Union, they look on the work they do for it much as doctors regard the work they do in clinics. The panel has included such eminent lawyers as Wendell Willkie, Samuel Untermyer, Clarence Darrow, Dean Acheson, John W. Davis, Jerome Frank, Francis Biddle, and Felix Frankfurter. The work of the volunteers is directed by two paid staff lawyers and is under the general supervision of the Union's two general counsel—Arthur Garfield Hays and Morris L. Ernst—both of whom have served for years without pay. The

Union has recently been developing a public-education program and a policy of close, day-to-day work with government administrators and legislators, although legal work continues to take first place. For the first time, the Union has a Washington office, with a full-time staff of two. This points up the fact that, while in the old days civil liberties were largely a matter of how the courts interpreted the Bill of Rights, today they are more affected than formerly by the administrative actions of officials, by new laws, and by the climate of public opinion. In short, our society has become a good deal more complex and bureaucratized.

THE thirty-five members of the Board of Directors run the Union. They decide everything—policy, expenditures, what cases are to be taken up, who is to be hired. (On especially controversial issues, the National Committee and the boards of the affiliates are polled for their opinion, but the final decision rests with the Board.) They meet every other week in a private dining room of the Hotel Martinique, where they spend from one to three hours doing business and eating lunch (a dollar-fifty a head, collected on the spot). Since the members are expected to attend every meeting, only people living near New York are eligible to serve on the Board. More than two-thirds of the members do in fact show up each time—a remarkable turnout for a "cause" meeting, and especially one that occurs every two weeks. "It's the result of mutual suspicion," one member has said, but it seems more likely it is because the meetings not only get a lot accomplished but are reasonably enjoyable—two other respects in which they differ markedly from meetings for most worthy causes. "For twenty years, the meetings of the American Civil Liberties Union have been a joy and an education," Ernst said not long ago. The pattern, businesslike and yet lively, was established by Baldwin, who hand-picked the early Board members and always used to dominate the meetings. He still attends them from time to time. Four of the present Board members—John Haynes Holmes, Arthur Garfield Hays, Norman Thomas, and B. W. Huebsch, vice-president of the Viking Press—were on the original Board, in 1920. The Board has always been known as a "strong" one—a board made up of energetic, eminent, and assertive people. Baldwin's ascendancy was due to the force of his personality, and also to his persistence in bringing up his pet projects, no matter how many times they were turned down. The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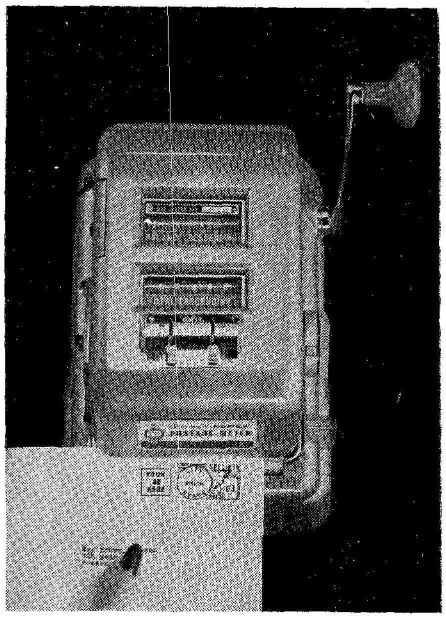

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most striking thing about the present Board is its plethora of lawyers. There are liberal lawyers, like Hays, Ernst, Walter Frank, Osmond K. Fraenkel, and John Finerty; and conservative lawyers, like Ernest Angell and Whitney North Seymour. Sometimes the air is so thick with fine points of law that the outnumbered lay members all but think they have wandered into a meeting of a subcommittee of the Bar Association. "We've got so many lawyers on the Board that if someone brought up the Lord's Prayer, they'd revise it," one of its non-lawyer members, Norman Thomas, has said. The non-lawyer members are for the most part associated with other notoriously articulate professions—teaching, journalism, or the ministry.

A typical Board meeting covers an extraordinary diversity of topics, which may range from the censorship of atomic information to the right of women to tend bar in Michigan. The spectacular cases, in which the public becomes aroused over the issue of civil rights, occupy only a relatively small part of the Board's attention. Of the some two thousand cases in which it has intervened since it was founded, few have attracted much notice in the press, but the Board has hammered away at each one, no matter how obscure, just as fervently as if the eyes of the nation were focussed on it. Here is a sampling of the sort of cases it has been handling through the years:

Learning that a Brooklyn Negro charged with murdering a white girl had been sentenced to death largely on the basis of information given a judge in his chambers, with neither the defendant nor the defendant's counsel present, the Union, in 1949, carried the matter up to the United States Supreme Court. The Justices, after unprecedentedly holding three special meetings on the issue, finally declined to review the case, whereupon the Union prevailed upon the Governor of New York to commute the Negro's sentence to life imprisonment.

Back in the twenties, a whole family of Seventh-day Adventists were committed to the Colorado State Insane Asylum because of their "crazy" pacifist ideas, and the Union got them out. (More recently, a little old lady who for years had been distributing Socialist pamphlets on the streets of New York suddenly began handing out Dewey buttons, and the police picked her up with the idea of sending her to Bellevue for observation. The Union intervened. "I persuaded them that supporting Dewey was not prima-facie evidence of insanity," Baldwin said later.)

In 1942, the Supreme Court upheld an Opelika, Alabama, ordinance, variations of which were used in many municipalities, that required members of Jehovah's Witnesses to obtain licenses to sell their paper, the *Watchtower*, on the streets. The purpose of the ordinance was to harass the Witnesses, but Baldwin got the American Newspaper Publishers Association so alarmed about it as a possible threat to newspapers in general that it supported another appeal by the sect. The Court reversed itself, and the streets are now open to the unlicensed sale of both the *Watchtower* and the New York *Times*.

In 1946, a girl arrested for hitchhiking in New Jersey refused to identify herself beyond giving the name Susan Bower, which she admitted was false—so a local judge sentenced her to six months in jail under an ancient Jersey statute that required vagrants "to give a good account" of themselves. Clifford Forster, the Union's staff counsel at that time, heard about the case and made it into a *cause célèbre*. The New Jersey Supreme Court finally threw out the old law and freed "Susan Bower," who resumed her wanderings and at last report was in a mental hospital out West. She never did tell who she was—not even to Forster, who found her as uncoöperative as the police had.

Robert Burns, who escaped from a Georgia chain gang in 1930 and two years later wrote a best-seller about his experiences, appealed to the Union when the State of Georgia sought to extradite him from New Jersey, where he was then living. Its lawyers persuaded the Governor of New Jersey not to sign the extradition papers, arguing that a chain gang was "cruel and unusual punishment."

The Union protested, vainly, when, just before the municipal elections of 1950, the New York City police arrested nearly seven hundred alleged hoodlums, without warrants and without making definite charges against them. The then Acting Mayor Vincent Impellitteri claimed the arrests were made as a precaution against disorder at the polls; the Union took the stand that hoodlums—or, rather, alleged hoodlums—have rights, along with everyone else.

Two young married women in Berkeley, California, were arrested six years ago on suspicion of being prostitutes, held in jail for five days, examined for venereal disease, and finally released for lack of evidence. The Union helped them sue for false arrest, and the city of Berkeley settled the suit for five hundred dollars.

A year or so later, nineteen members of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce were convicted of contempt of court by a local traffic-court judge whose conduct they had criticized; the Union helped appeal the case, on the ground that their freedom of speech was being violated, and they were freed.

In 1926, Anthony Bimba, who later wrote "The History of the American Working Class," made a speech in Lithuanian before some workers in Brockton, Massachusetts. He was indicted for seditious utterances and blasphemy, the latter charge being based on a law enacted by the Puritans in 1697. With the Union's help, Bimba beat the rap on blasphemy; he lost out on sedition, however.

Ten years ago, a Scranton businessman sent out circulars claiming that aluminum pots were poisonous. He was jumped on by both the Post Office Department and the Federal Trade Commission, but the Union persuaded the courts that he was merely expressing "an honest opinion," and that he had a right to do so, regardless of whether there was any reasonable basis for his statement.

As part of a long drive to establish parks and streets as free forums, the Union two years ago went to bat for an itinerant fanatic named Carl Kunz, whose license to preach in Columbus Circle had been revoked by the police on the ground that he was making "scurrilous attacks on Catholics and Jews." At a cost of about a thousand dollars and much unpaid work by two of its lawyers, both of whom were Jews, the Union carried the case to the Supreme Court, which ruled that the city's ordinance requiring street preachers to be licensed was unconstitutional.

The Union believes people have a right to talk and write about everything, even sex. In 1929, when Mary Ware Dennett was fined three hundred dollars by a Brooklyn judge for sending copies of a pamphlet called "The Sex Side of Life" through the mails, the Union set up a defense committee and got her off. A year or so later, it forced the customs to admit a copy of Dr. Marie Stopes' book "Married Love," in a case memorably titled U. S. v. Married Love.

In 1942, Postmaster General Frank C. Walker, at the suggestion of some

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of his fellow-Catholics, began cancelling the mailing privileges of magazines he and they thought were obscene. After some sixty periodicals had submitted without a struggle, the purge reached the *Police Gazette* and *Esquire*. The Union got the *Gazette's* permit restored after a Post Office Department hearing, and it effectively supported *Esquire's* lawyers, who convinced the Supreme Court that the Postmaster General's job was to deliver the mail without worrying about Varga girls.

The Union has defended a long list of allegedly obscene novels, from "Ulysses," which was finally admitted into this country in 1933 by Judge John M. Woolsey (whose opinion, reprinted in the American edition, is still considered the leading judicial pronouncement on the subject), to "Forever Amber," which was unbanned by a Boston judge with the comment, "It acts like a soporific rather than an aphrodisiac. While conducive to sleep, it is not conducive to a desire to sleep with a member of the opposite sex." The Union had already prepared the ground for this opinion by taking up the case of "Strange Fruit," which the Cambridge police had suppressed by the simple device of announcing they would arrest anyone who bought or sold it. The Union got a Cambridge bookseller and Bernard DeVoto to coöperate in a very public sale and purchase of a copy of the book. Both were arrested. The charge against DeVoto was dismissed in a lower court, but the bookseller was fined. The Union appealed his case and lost. As a result of the publicity that resulted from the case, however, the state legislature curbed the theretofore unlimited censorship powers of the police.

Champions of civil rights believe that censorship in advance of public presentation is even worse than suppression. In this country, it is limited to military information in wartime, with one great exception—the movies. This exception was made back in 1915, when the Supreme Court excluded the movies from the protection of the First Amendment because it considered them not a means of communicating ideas or information but "a business, pure and simple." (The Court did not explain why most popular books and magazines are not also businesses, pure and simple.) As a result, there are now official moving-picture censors in forty-eight cities and seven states, including New York; in addition, Hollywood has had since 1922 its own advance-censoring machinery, the so-called Hays Office, or Johnston Office, whose Production Code is reputed to have been drawn up largely by Catholics. Only the most pasteurized treatment of sex and other serious topics can survive such double jeopardy. The movie producers have never challenged the legality of this Catholic-*cum*-Puritan squeamishness about sex, which is, of course, a peculiarly explosive topic throughout the United States. But when censors in Southern cities set about banning films that dealt with Negro-white relationships, a recent and profitable Hollywood excursion, the producers began to question the Supreme Court's dictum that the movies are nothing but a business, and the Union has supported them. Although the Court refused to review cases involving the films "Curley" and "Lost Boundaries," it did throw out a Texas censorship ordinance in the case of the picture "Pinky," as too broad. Last May, it lifted the New York State ban on "The Miracle," which had been imposed through Catholic pressure; the Court stated that films may not be prohibited merely because they are thought sacrilegious by some religious group, and noted that, in the Court's unanimous opinion, "expression by means of motion pictures is included within the free-speech and free-press guarantees of the First and the Fourteenth Amendments." Logically, it might seem that this should have meant that movies could no longer be pre-censored, any more than books, speeches, and newspapers can, but the Court shrank from this excess of rationality and added that under certain (unspecified) circumstances, pre-censorship of movies is all right. Thus, local boards of censors still have legal standing, but the Court is clearly edging toward restraining, if not abolishing, them. The Union, which played a big part in "The Miracle" case, plans to continue respectfully to nudge the Court in that direction.

IN contrast to the steadfastness of purpose that has marked Baldwin's career during the last thirty years or so, the steps that led him to it seem rather haphazard. In 1905, when he graduated from Harvard with a B.A. and an M.A. (in anthropology) after four years of study, it was not at all clear to him what he wanted to do in life—or, rather, what, as a Bostonian, he ought to want to do. His main idea was to get away from Boston, which he remembers as being "a bit oppressive, with so many family connections that a young man could hardly be himself." Offered an opportunity to teach sociology—in fact, to inaugurate a course in that then novel subject—at Washington University, in St. Louis, and to head a settle-

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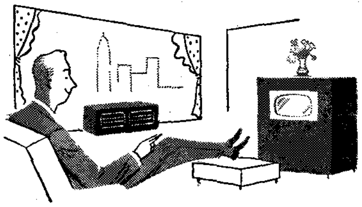

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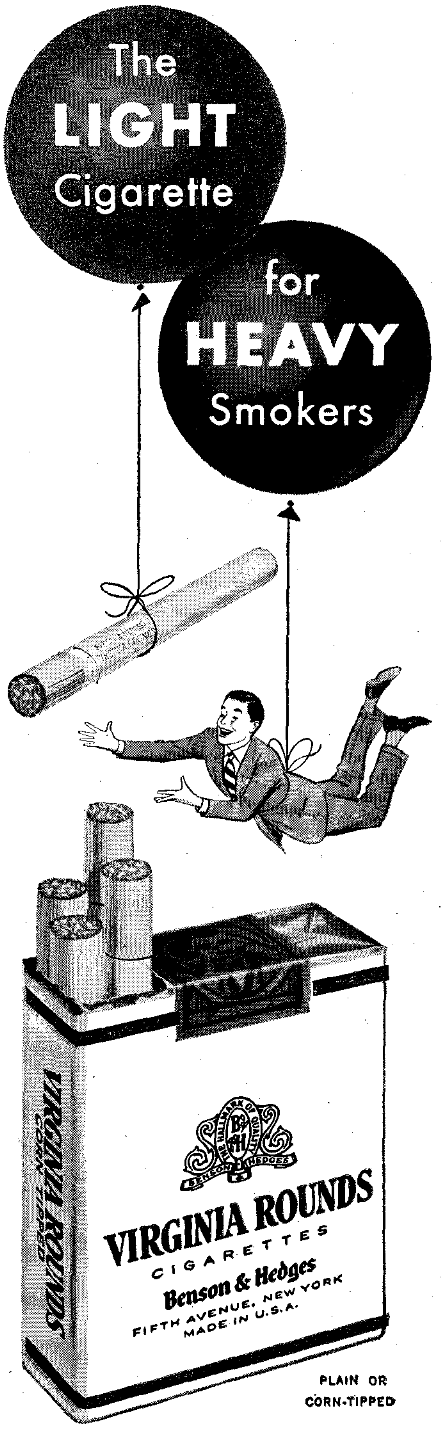
AT DRUGGISTS

ment house in the city's tough Kerry Patch district, he decided to take it, because the teaching promised to be interesting in itself and he welcomed the chance to put theory into practice. He soon relinquished this double-barrelled job to become chief probation officer of the municipal Juvenile Court, and that, in turn, led to his being elected secretary of the National Probation Association.

In 1910, Baldwin gave up probation work and accepted the executive secretaryship of the St. Louis Civic League, a privately sponsored, nonpartisan organization dedicated to rooting out evil in local governmental affairs. During his years in St. Louis, he came under the spell of Emma Goldman, the veteran radical speaker, who stimulated him to read Tolstoy, Kropotkin, Benjamin Tucker, and other anarchist theoreticians. Their passion for individual freedom appealed to Baldwin's Bostonian idealism, and Kropotkin's program of mutual aid through coöperatives struck his Bostonian practicality as a workable substitute for both capitalism and state collectivism. In comparison, Marxism seemed to him authoritarian and doctrinaire. Its adherents around St. Louis were mostly sober middle-class Germans, who endlessly discussed "the revolution" but led the same kind of conventional life as their neighbors. Always a man to prefer an action in the hand to two theories in the dialectical underbrush, Baldwin was more attracted to the Wobblies—as the members of the Industrial Workers of the World, America's grass-roots contribution to anarchism, were generally called. The Wobblies were mostly migratory workers, without families, bank accounts, dialectics, or other excess baggage. A group of them would descend on St. Louis from the freight yards, eat en masse in the city's restaurants, and tell the proprietors, "Charge it to the mayor!" They were often in jail, usually broke, always full of vitality and disrespect. Baldwin liked them a lot, and did what he could to cushion the shock of their collision with authority.

By the spring of 1917, the gap between what Baldwin had come to believe and what he was continuing to do had been widened by the country's drift toward a war that in his opinion was an imperialist massacre. Laboring to make hospitals bigger, milk purer, and roadside billboards fewer seemed to him a trivial occupation at such a time. He did not hesitate, therefore, when Lillian Wald, the founder of the Henry Street Settlement, sent him a wire from New York saying the secretary of the Ameri-



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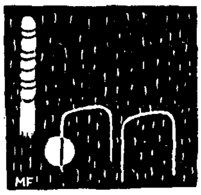
can Union Against Militarism had just had a heart attack, and asking if he would take over the job. Resigning from the Civic League, Baldwin hurried to New York.

The American Union Against Militarism had been established in 1915 to keep this country out of war. Its leadership was largely feminine. Lillian Wald was chairman. Crystal Eastman, who was the sister of Max Eastman, the editor of the *Masses*, had been Baldwin's predecessor as secretary and was still influential in the organization. Its board of directors included Jane Addams, of Hull House, in Chicago; Emily Greene Balch, the economist; and Elizabeth Glendower Evans, the reformer. Some men were also involved, among them Max Eastman; Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of the *Nation;* L. Hollingsworth Wood, a Quaker lawyer; Norman Thomas, who was a Presbyterian minister at that time; and John Haynes Holmes, who later became pastor of the Community Church.

Soon after Baldwin took over as secretary of the American Union Against Militarism, he told its Board, "The country is going wild, and free speech and press are in danger. We need a special agency to fight for civil liberties." With Thomas and Wood, he set up a subsidiary organization—the National Civil Liberties Bureau, which subsequently developed into the American Civil Liberties Union. (Incidentally, two of the Bureau's three creators, Baldwin and Thomas, are still active in the Union; Wood retired from the National Committee last year.) Presently, Baldwin was devoting most of his energy to the Bureau. In the fall of 1917, the parent body and its offspring separated, and Baldwin went to work full time for the Bureau. Under his vigorous direction, it became the principal and often the only defender of wartime civil liberties. It operated in an atmosphere of delirium. Congress had just passed two Espionage Acts—the only federal laws to penalize words, as distinct from actions, since the quickly repealed Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798. In addition, many states, for the first time in their histories, passed Criminal Syndicalism and Red Flag laws of their own. Citizens were imprisoned for criticizing the Red Cross at their own dinner tables, for proposing that the war be financed by taxes instead of Liberty Bonds, for telling women knitters, "No soldier ever sees those socks." Rose Pastor Stokes, the social worker, got ten years for writing in a personal letter, "I am for the people and the government is for the profiteers;" she was found guilty of making a false statement intended to cause insubordination in the armed forces. It was a little awkward that her correspondent was a woman, but the judge reminded the jury that the Army's morale depended on support from the folks back home. A Vermont minister got fifteen years for handing to five persons, only one of whom was of military age, a pamphlet in which he stated his belief that it was unchristian to take part in a war. An Iowan got twenty years for circulating a pamphlet that urged voters not to reëlect congressmen who had voted for conscription. The Espionage Act gave the Postmaster General the right to exclude from the mails—in effect, to suppress—any publication he considered to be in violation of the Act. Postmaster General Albert S. Burleson exercised this power with a heavy and capricious hand, suppressing an issue of the *Nation* because it criticized the labor leader Samuel Gompers and barring other periodicals for attacking the British Empire, for stating that French culture was materialistic, and for reprinting Jefferson's opinion that Ireland should be a republic.

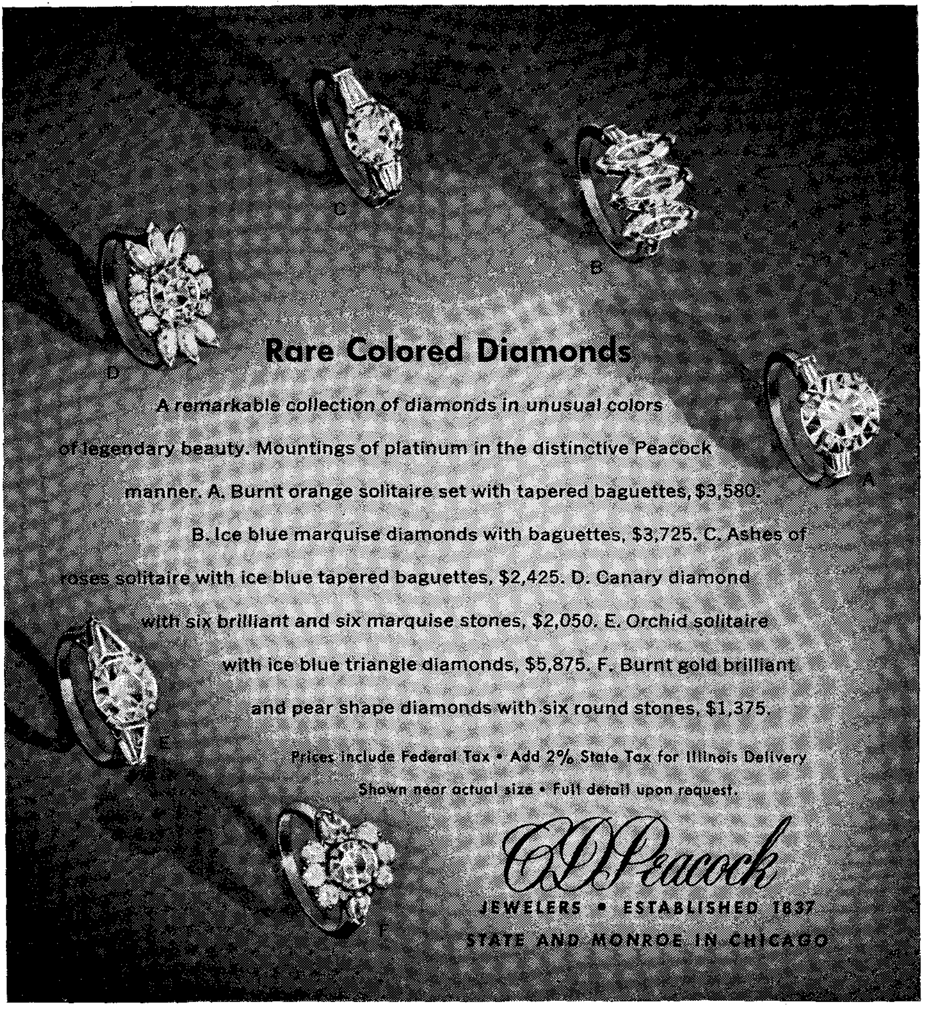


Aliens were harried with special zeal. When, in 1919, a mysterious and still unsolved series of bombings occurred in various parts of the country, Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer had no trouble persuading Congress that they "must have been" the work of radical aliens. "We have received so many notices and gotten so much information," he added, "that it has almost come to be accepted as a fact that on a certain day . . . there will be a much larger effort of the same character, which the wild fellows of this movement describe as a revolution—a proposition to rise up and destroy the government at one fell swoop." Impressed, Congress voted Palmer ample funds to thwart the would-be swoopers. This he did in two nationwide "Red raids." Four thousand aliens were arrested. Most of them were taken into custody without warrants, denied counsel, held for long periods without being tried, or even indicted, and generally subjected to cruel and unusual punishments. Baldwin's National Civil Liberties Bureau vainly protested that these actions violated the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Eighth Amendments, and that the Constitution was in more danger from the Department of Justice than from the wild fellows. The Red raids uncovered no evidence about the bombings that had been their pretext; no explosives were found, and the total armament unearthed was four pistols—considerably less than a roundup of four thousand average American citizens would have yielded. No one was ever indicted or tried. Ultimately, about a thousand of the aliens were deported as radicals and the remaining three thousand were released for lack of evidence.

The delirium reached its climax in 1920, when the New York State Assembly expelled five newly elected Socialist members. (As it happened, they were Right Wing Socialists and as hostile to Bolshevism as any of the assemblymen who expelled them.) Despite the protests of conservatives like Charles Evans Hughes, the Assembly denied the five members the seats to which they had been duly elected—and denied representation to the New York City voters who had elected them—solely because they belonged to the Socialist Party. This was a little too much even for those times, and it was followed by a revulsion of feeling throughout the country. Civil liberties slowly began to recover.

ON September 1, 1918, the offices of the National Civil Liberties Bureau were raided by a posse of federal agents, led by Archibald Stevenson, a virulently patriotic young lawyer. It was a peculiarly frustrating experience for the agents. The two chief suspects were Baldwin and the late Albert DeSilver, a wealthy young lawyer who gave most of his time and money to the Bureau. Both outclassed the raiders socially—except for one agent who turned out to be a Harvard classmate of Baldwin's and was taken out for a friendly lunch in consequence, which just made things all the more confusing. Worst of all, both suspects received the agents hospitably, even genially, and declined to view the proceedings with appropriate solemnity. "The raid was pulled off all right, all right," DeSilver later wrote his wife. "On Saturday morning, ten gents from the Department of Justice, armed (yes, actually) and prepared to overpower all resistance, arrived and took possession. Roger has already gotten on friendly terms with the boys, and as a result they don't know what to make of him at all."

A few weeks later, Baldwin was arrested for violation of the Selective Service Act. His pacifist beliefs had grown stronger during his months in New York, and he had written his draft board that he would refuse to serve if



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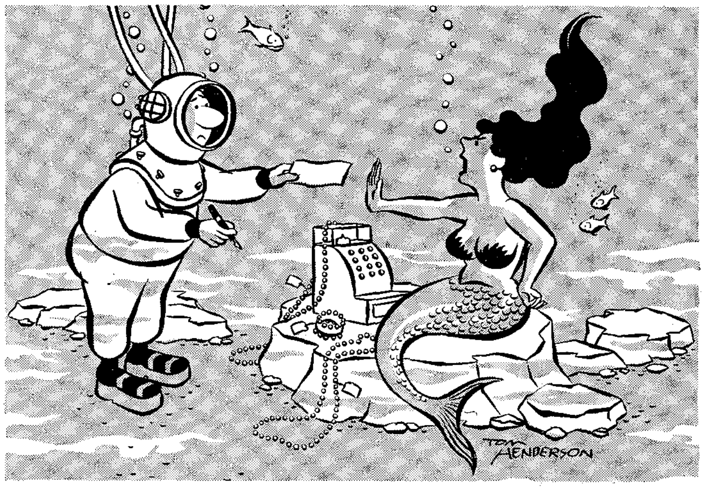

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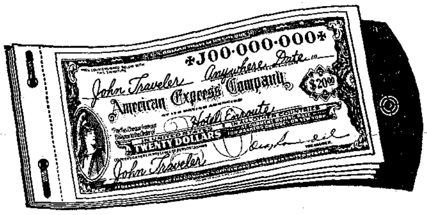

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he was called up. "Do not be contumacious," the board had replied, but contumacious he remained. Declining bail, on principle, as an unfair advantage of the moneyed, he went to the Tombs to await trial, and in October, 1918, he pleaded guilty before Federal Judge Julius M. Mayer. Baldwin's statement in court was bold and eloquent. "I not only refuse to obey the present conscription laws but I would in future refuse to obey any similar statute which attempts to direct my choice of service or ideals," he said. "I am opposed to this and all other wars. I do not believe in the use of physical force as a method of achieving any end, however good. . . . I have had an essentially American upbringing and background. . . . For ten years I have been professionally engaged in social work and political reform. . . . Some six years ago, however, I was so discouraged . . . so challenged by the sacrifices and idealism of some of my I.W.W. friends, that I was on the point of getting out altogether, throwing respectability overboard, and joining the I.W.W. as a manual worker. I thought better of it. My traditions were against it. It was more an emotional reaction than a form of practical service. But ever since, I have felt myself heart and soul with the worldwide radical movements for industrial and political freedom. Though at the moment I am of a tiny minority, I feel myself just one protest in a great revolt surging up from among the people . . . a struggle against the political state itself, against exploitation, militarism, imperialism, authority in all forms. . . . I know it is pretty nigh hopeless in times of war and hysteria to get across . . . the view of an out-and-out heretic like myself. I know that as far as my principles are concerned, they seem to be utterly impractical—mere moonshine. They are not the views that work in the world today. I fully realize that. But I believe they are the views which are going to guide in the future."

Judge Mayer noted with approval the defendant's "self-respecting and manly" frankness in expressing "views which to my mind are intolerable." Observing, however, that "a republic can last only so long as its laws are obeyed," he concluded that since Baldwin represented "a position which in my judgment if carried out would mean the subversion of all the principles dear to the American people, and the ultimate destruction of the Republic, there is nothing left for me to do except to impose the full penalty of the statutes." This turned out to be one year—a moderate stretch, it occurred to some of Baldwin's friends, for one whose behavior threatened to destroy the Republic. Baldwin was lucky in being punished for an act rather than an utterance. A mere statement of opposition to the draft law, uttered outside the courtroom, might have cost him, under the Espionage Acts, twenty years—twenty times as long as the penalty imposed on him for actually breaking the law.

It was Armistice Day when Baldwin was taken over to the federal prison in Newark to begin his term, and the streets were filled with people blowing horns and throwing confetti. "The war was over for them, but it was just beginning for me," he says. It proved to be a not too uncomfortable war. The warden was a Sinn Fein Irishman whose apathy toward the war matched that of his prisoner. They quickly became good friends. Baldwin has always been an enthusiastic cook and gardener and, upon learning of these interests, the warden assigned him to work in the prison greenhouses and to whip up tasty new dishes in the kitchen. After hours, he was allowed to use the warden's piano and typewriter. Occasionally he was consulted by local probation officers on some especially difficult case among his fellow-prisoners; it was not every day that a former secretary of the National Probation Association was so readily available. Baldwin was popular with his fellow-prisoners, partly because of his cooking and partly because he gave classes in current events, but chiefly because he organized a prison Welfare League. This last alarmed the higher authorities; it was harmless in itself, but prisoners aren't supposed to organize at all. Besides, the authorities felt their prisoner was having too much fun. So they transferred Baldwin to the prison farm at Caldwell, New Jersey, which was like throwing Br'er Rabbit into the briar patch. Not only could Baldwin garden all day there but the warden turned out to be of German extraction and almost as nonbelligerent as the Sinn Feiner had been. Some friends of Baldwin's went out to see him at Caldwell and found him contentedly transplanting tomato plants. A whistle blew and Baldwin, after hastily shaking hands all around, set out for the prison on the run. "Almost got locked out the other day," he called back over his shoulder.

While Baldwin was having his set-to with the law, DeSilver ran the Bureau. The son of a rich Brooklyn stock-market speculator, DeSilver had gone to Yale, where he was in the class of 1910 and a member of Skull and Bones. After taking a law degree at Columbia, he entered a downtown law firm. In 1917, when he read in the paper that Burleson had barred the *Masses* from the mails, he sent Max Eastman a check for a hundred dollars, with a note: "It so happens I am not a 'revolutionary' but a most law-abiding soul. . . . But my law-abiding neck gets very warm under its law-abiding collar these days at the extraordinary violations of fundamental laws which are being put over." Shortly afterward, he joined the board of Baldwin's Civil Liberties Bureau, and was soon making up its deficits out of his own pocket. When Baldwin went to the Tombs, DeSilver resigned from his law firm and gave all his time to the Bureau. Another young lawyer, Walter Nelles, who was one of Baldwin's classmates at Harvard, a close friend of DeSilver, and later a professor at the Yale Law School, gave up most of his own practice in the war years to help with the Bureau's legal work.

Nelles and DeSilver were the first and perhaps the most devoted of a long line of conservatives, the majority of them lawyers, who have helped the Union. Their efforts are a manifestation of what seems to be pretty much an Anglo-American phenomenon in a world in which, for the most part, top dogs hardly ever defend the right of bottom dogs to snap at them. DeSilver disagreed with Baldwin on practically everything except the importance of civil liberties. He distrusted mass democracy, let alone Socialism or anarchism; believed in the war; willingly registered for the draft; and bought Liberty Bonds with what cash the Bureau's demands left him. But he also thought a war for democracy should be conducted democratically.

DeSilver was running the Bureau when, in 1918, the biggest of the Espionage Acts cases took place—an omnibus trial of I.W.W. leaders in Chicago. He worked so hard raising funds for their defense that the papers often referred to him as "Albert DeSilver, treasurer of the I.W.W." He didn't bother to correct them. "I just want to see those fellows have a chance," he would say when asked about his support of the Wobblies. They hardly got one. There were a hundred and thirteen defendants, the trial lasted five months, the indictment listed seventeen thousand separate offenses—and the jury took exactly sixty-five minutes to find a hundred of the defendants guilty as charged, the cases against the other thirteen having been dropped. The judge—Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who later be-

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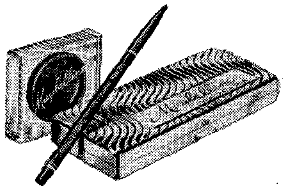

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came the "czar" of baseball—imposed sentences ranging from ten days to twenty years, and threw in fines totalling $2,500,000, plus costs. That was the end of the I.W.W. as a mass movement.

When Baldwin got out of jail in the spring of 1919, after serving nine months of his term, he decided to see for himself what a worker's life was like. He took out cards in the I.W.W. and the Cooks & Waiters Union. He joined the union so he could ride the rods without running into trouble with brakemen and conductors, who, loyal union men themselves, regarded a union card as equivalent to a free pass. He worked in a Chicago restaurant awhile, and then bummed around the West as a common laborer. Heading East again, he arrived in Pittsburgh in the middle of the great postwar steel strike. He at once offered his services to William Z. Foster, who was running the strike for the American Federation of Labor. After spending two days convincing Foster he was not a company spy, he was given an assignment as a union spy. He got into the Homestead plant as a strikebreaker, but a week later was fired on suspicion of being a spy. Upon collecting his pay, which he donated to the strike fund, Baldwin returned to New York, where he wound up his *Wanderjahr* with a job as second cook in Barney Gallant's restaurant in the Village. His proletarian experiment was educational and even, in retrospect, enjoyable, but he has never repeated it. "Sure, Roger's a friend of the workingman," Clarence Darrow once remarked. "That's a lot easier than being one."

BALDWIN's energies have by no means been exhausted by the American Civil Liberties Union, and through the years he has been a chronic member of the governing committees of other organizations devoted to worthy causes. "I've never taken on more committees than I could handle," he says. "Only five or six at a time." Perhaps to him the most important of the organizations he has served, outside the Union, have been the National Urban League, which concerns itself with improving the economic conditions of Negroes, and the Audubon Society, on both of whose governing committees he has served. He has also founded several. One of the most useful is the League for Mutual Aid, which he established in 1920 and which, under the direction, since 1926, of Adelaide Schulkind, as zealous and competent a committee worker as Baldwin himself, has been an oasis of practical coöperation in the New York radical

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The most curious of the organizations set up by Baldwin was the American Fund for Public Service, commonly known as the Garland Fund. Charles Garland was one of those rich, troubled young men who have often turned to Baldwin for guidance. Garland's father, a Boston railroad promoter, had left him a million dollars, which the son, as a Tolstoyan anarchist, felt he was not entitled to. With Baldwin's help, he disposed of his guilt-laden wealth the same way Carnegie and Rockefeller did—he set up a foundation. Unlike the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations, however, the Garland Fund aimed at the undermining, rather than the amelioration, of the capitalist system. That it did not succeed was not the system's fault; Garland's father had put his money into stock of George F. Baker's First National Bank of New York, a "banker's bank," which prospered so enormously in the twenties that the Fund doubled itself in a few years. For a time, it looked as if Garland, like the hero of "Brewster's Millions," would never be able to unburden himself of his wealth. The more profits the First National accumulated, the more heavily the bank subsidized its own overthrow. By 1935, though, the trustees of the Fund, mercifully aided by the stock-market collapse, had managed to get rid of almost all the money, putting it into a variety of projects that ranged from the now defunct Brookwood Labor College to helping

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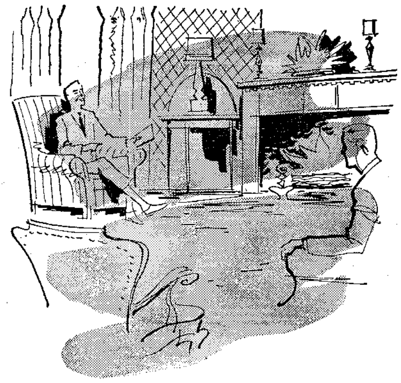

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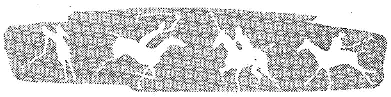

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While Baldwin often gives the impression of being a man of intense convictions, and appears to think of himself as one, it is hard to say just what those convictions are. For years he described himself in *Who's Who* as "Political reformer (pacifist)"—he dropped the "pacifist" in the most recent edition—and he has said that he thinks he might be regarded, "in an ultimate sense," as a philosophical anarchist. But few practicing pacifists or anarchists call him comrade. He is a pacifist who accepted the principle of wartime conscription in the Second World War and did not oppose the war itself, and a philosophical anarchist who admired General MacArthur's administration of Japan as "the greatest social revolution of our time." Yet his temperament really can be termed anarchistic—though closer to Herbert Spencer's individualism than to Kropotkin's communalism—for he has a genuine dislike of the State and its authority, from cops to income-tax collectors. When a jury commissioner once asked him the routine question "Is there any reason why you shouldn't serve on this panel?," Baldwin replied, "Yes. I wouldn't vote to convict anyone." "Even if he was guilty?" asked the startled commissioner. "Not even then," Baldwin replied firmly. "I'm opposed to the use of force, by the police or anyone else." "But you can't run the government that way," objected the commissioner. "I'm not running it," Baldwin answered. "That's *your* department."

Baldwin has been, successively or even at times simultaneously, a Boston conservative, a liberalistic social worker, a philosophical anarchist, a pacifist, a Soviet sympathizer, a semi-demi-hemi-Marxist, a conservative liberal, and a liberal conservative. These creeds he has embraced with the zest that marks everything he does. Yet except when the First World War shocked him into anarcho-pacifism and prison, his friends have often been in doubt as to where he stood on specific social philosophies. They have sensed in him a personal commitment less complete than he said, or thought, it was. Once when he was up for reappointment as probation officer in St. Louis, someone objected that he had leanings toward anarchism. "It is true that Baldwin is flirting with this anarchist philosophy, but he doesn't really work at it," a local politician explained. "It's just a sideline, like a man's religion." The city fathers understood, and Baldwin's reappointment went through. Some of his friends feel

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that it has been the same with his later creeds—he hasn't really worked at them. And he himself wrote, in a recent rather formal, third-person self-appraisal, "His social theories of ultimate salvation and his immediate tasks he has kept in tightly separated compartments." The compartments have sometimes been less watertight than he thought, as when he essayed a "united front" with the Communists in the thirties, and his social theories leaked into the immediate-task compartment with unhappy results. But this was, so to speak, unconscious leakage. On the conscious level, which is the only one he officially recognizes, he keeps theory and practice well apart.

An unsympathetic critic has said that Baldwin has spent his life avoiding final commitments on anything. Yet this strictly experimental attitude, this tendency to be all things to all men, to react clinically rather than morally, might be taken as a modern instance of what Mandeville, in his "The Fable of the Bees," had to say about private vices producing public benefits. That Mandeville's "Fable" was a defense of the bourgeois free market hardly detracts from the analogy. Baldwin is a rugged individualist, an ideological free enterpriser *par excellence*. These private vices have enabled him to defend publicly the rights of Communists and Fascists, of Jews and anti-Semites, of atheists and Catholics—not always with equal enthusiasm, it is true, but at least with reasonable conscientiousness. Baldwin's vision is clearer and colder than that of most people, who, though able to see why their friends should have civil liberties, don't think that their enemies should; while others may regard him as a friend or an enemy, he returns the compliment only mildly. He has thus been well fitted to run an organization dedicated to defending the rights of the wicked as well as of the virtuous. "I've had to compromise a lot," he says, "but I've always insisted that civil liberty is indivisible and that unless we defend the S.O.B.'s rights, we'll lose our own." He has indeed insisted.

—DWIGHT MACDONALD

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Baldwin.*)

•

Denise Darcel hospitalized for one whole day in Columbus, Ohio, with a severe case of hiccups.—*Danton Walker in the News, June 29th, page 30.*

Denise Darcel got poison ivy at garden apartment cocktail party. City life is full of hidden dangers.—*Robert Sylvester in the News, same issue, same page.*

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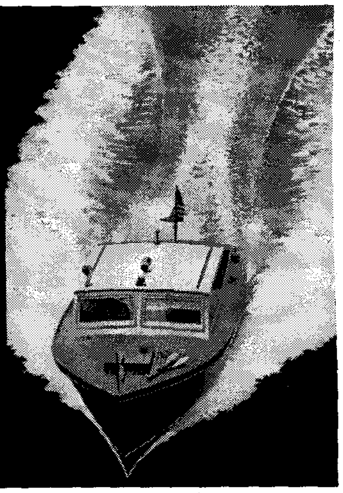

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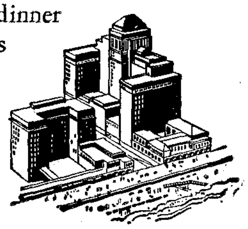

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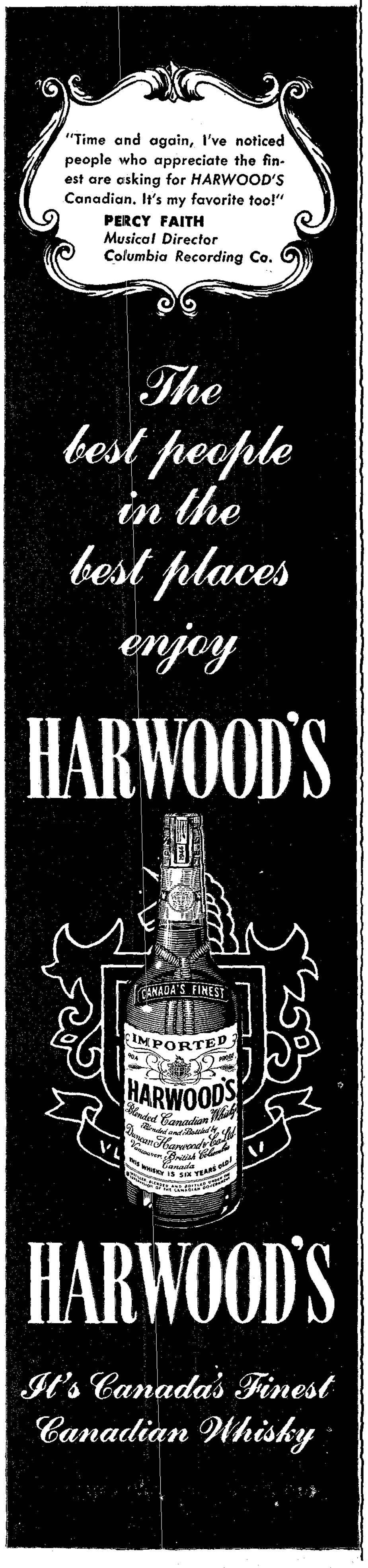

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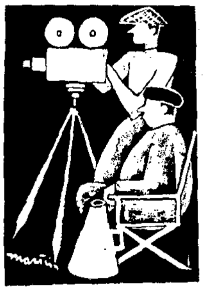
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Painful Stretch



"STALAG 17," a play by Donald Bevan and Edmund Trzcinski, gave me very little pleasure when I saw it on Broadway a couple of years ago, and I'm sorry to say that the movie version of the piece doesn't do much to enhance my opinion of the thing. To be sure, some of the scatological jokes that helped to make the original a trial for anyone not addicted to bathroom humor have been excised, but the japes about sex still strike me as being prurient rather than funny. On the credit side, however, this description of life in a German prison camp during the last war offers some slick melodrama, and Billy Wilder, who produced and directed the picture, has seen to it that there are few lulls in the action. The incarcerated Americans who figure in "Stalag 17" range, as is customary in works of this kind, from Brahmins to characters leagues below the salt, one of whom, played by Robert Strauss, provoked in me a desire to abandon the whole enterprise in a hurry. Fortunately, to offset Mr. Strauss's portrayal of a specimen even simians might find socially unacceptable, we have a fairly incisive depiction, by William Holden, of a crafty manipulator who manages, despite his confinement, to put into effect all kinds of schemes designed to make life easy for himself. The crux of "Stalag 17" has to do with the unmasking of a prisoner who has been betraying the secrets of his associates to the Germans, and Mr. Wilder gets considerable excitement into this phase of the proceedings. All in all, though, the people we meet in this German jail are too oppressive to have with us for any length of time, and I doubt whether Mr. Wilder's dramatic stratagems quite overcome that major handicap.

"THE SEA AROUND US," by Rachel Carson, obviously deals with a big theme, and the producer of the documentary on the subject, Irwin Allen, should be commended for having tackled it. Regrettably, though, Mr. Allen is frequently unable to cope with his subject, and only occasionally does he come up with a really arresting visualization of Miss Carson's topic. A good deal of the time, the commentary, adapted from Miss Carson's text by Mr. Allen, is rather humdrum, and some of his independent examinations of aspects of sea life not touched upon in the book have the sound and look of quite a few previous documentaries. Nevertheless, there is enough of value here to make the film worth your while. Incidentally, it's unravelled in brisk time—about sixty minutes.

FOR the sake of adding authenticity to "White Witch Doctor," Otto Lang and Henry Hathaway, its producer and director, respectively, sent a group of technicians into the Congo to photograph the place. With that out of the way, the boys proceeded to superimpose on the backgrounds a simple-minded tale of a hunter who is mad to discover gold and get out of Africa, and a nurse who is equally mad to stick around and help the natives. As played by Susan Hayward, the white witch doctor looks as if she might have a hard time opening a tin of Band-Aids. In the role of the hunter, Robert Mitchum is as dispassionate as a hippo.—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

THE SISTERS

When the ground is white with snow,
I see the black-robed figures go
Around the garden, heads bowed low.
Two together, side by side,
Two in front, and two behind,
Black on white,
White on black—
Unanimous symposiac.

When the earth is sprouting green,
Heads inclined, in variant mien,
Dark figures animate the scene—
One with rake, with hoe another,
One with trowel, and one with shovel.
Seasons bless
That or this
Incongruous antithesis.
—MARY MCGILL

•

The present volume is somewhat marred by efforts to economize. Reproduction is by photolithography. Occasionally extreme print reduction and poor register interfere with readability (though the change in type face is rather pleasing). The practice was motivated by proper interest in consumer welfare, and since it is impossible to ascertain the monetary value of these inconveniences, no judgment can be rendered.
WALTER R. GOLDSCHMIDT.
—From a book review in the Journal of Personality.

No poor register *here*, anyway.

The Reds Broke Through

Marine S/Sgt.
Archie Van Winkle
Medal of Honor

ATTACKING IN DARKNESS, a superior Red force had smashed through B Company's defense line, near Sudong. Staff Sergeant (now Second Lieutenant) Van Winkle's platoon lay pinned under murderous fire. The entire Company faced destruction.

Passing a command through his platoon, the sergeant leaped from cover, led a desperate rush against the enemy. A bullet shattered his left elbow, but he kept going. The left-flank squad got separated. Sergeant Van Winkle dashed 40 yards through heavy fire to bring it in. An exploding grenade seriously wounded his chest. Still, lying on the ground, he continued to direct the fighting.

Finally he was evacuated, unconscious from loss of blood; but the breakthrough had been plugged, the Company saved.

"I found out firsthand," says Sergeant Van Winkle. "that the Reds respect only one thing—strength. But America has plenty, thanks to our armed forces who serve in the field—and good citizens at home who invest in our country's Defense Bonds! I believe in Bonds—as savings to protect my family and as strength to protect my country. I own them—and I hope you do, too!"

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WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY

I CANNOT say that during my brief career as a chaplain in the United States Navy I had the experience of meeting the nation's enemies in action. I can, though, give the impression that I did. I can say that I was the second man from our assault transport to hit the beach at Kwajalein, and this is the truth. It is not, unfortunately, the whole truth, which includes the further information that (a) we steamed into Kwajalein harbor three years after the last Japanese had disappeared from the island, that (b) instead of transporting Marine divisions we were carrying four thousand cases of Coca-Cola, and that (c) my objective in going ashore was to find a place for a softball diamond for the ship's team.

However, on one occasion during my naval service I did have an encounter with a real enemy, real at any rate to me, and I would like to think that I earned a small measure of distinction. The encounter took place on the second floor of a building at William and Mary College, and the enemy consisted of a four-striper chaplain in company with a United States senator.

In the course of going through NTSch (Chaplains)—which, being translated, is Naval Training School for Chaplains—a prospective chaplain found himself confronted by a situation unique in ecclesiastical circles. The school was manned almost entirely by chaplains assigned to impart the fruits of long Navy experience to probably as unnautical a group of pastors, priests, and rabbis as had ever been assembled. There were one or two line officers on the staff to look out for things like pay and physical education, but they were merely ensigns and lieutenants, whereas a number of the chaplain-instructors were commanders, and a few were even captains. They went on the theory, a sound one, that NTSch (Chaplains) should be run strictly according to the letter of the Navy's law, so that no chaplain would ever bring disgrace upon the Chaplain Corps (or upon the Lord) by his inability to live up to protocol. To achieve this end, the chaplains in charge chose to play the part of the crustiest, saltiest line officers imaginable, and I can testify that of all the line officers I met in my succeeding duty there was only one tougher than the chaplains in charge of NTSch (Chaplains) pretended to be.

So throughout our weeks at the school, we chaplains-in-training were rigorously punished for sloppy marching, poor salutes, unstarched collars, messy rooms, and any least infringement of etiquette. Woe to the chaplain whose belt buckle was not always gleaming or who let his socks display the slightest tendency to sag. The man charged with maintaining this discipline was Chaplain William H. Rafferty, a four-striper, who performed the task with relish. Chaplain Rafferty was red-headed and an Irish Baptist. I know this combination sounds improbable, but there was nothing improbable about Chaplain Rafferty. He was as substantial a person as I have ever come across. It is hardly a stretching of sober truth to say that when he spoke—when he lectured to us about "the greatest bunch of men God ever created, Uncle Sam's bluejackets"—the walls bulged and we truly believed we had been assigned to the only really important branch of the service.

My first official encounter with him set me completely straight as to how the two of us stood. I had barely arrived at NTSch (Chaplains) when I was told that Chaplain Rafferty wished to see me in his office on the second floor. I went up there not without fear and trembling, for I had heard something of his disposition. To my surprise, he greeted me with a warm smile and a handshake, but during the conversation, to which he was virtually the sole contributor, the smile changed to a frown. It seemed that he knew my aunt, who happened to be the head of the Waves, and while he was glad to welcome me aboard, I wasn't to think that his knowing her would cut any ice whatsoever. He assured me that the first chance he got he was going to pin my ears back. "That's all, Chaplain," he said, and I retreated in some confusion, saying "Thank you, sir!" instead of the salty "Aye, aye, sir!" I had planned to inject into the conversation if opportunity arose.

By living the life of a nonentity for the next few weeks, I was able to avoid having my ears pinned back, but the day approached when I would have what was called the Duty. Having the Duty consisted of taking one's post dangerously close to Chaplain Rafferty's office, and there, in a huge hall, greeting visitors and operating a switchboard, as well as performing one other function, which needs some explanation.

The captain of any ship, we were informed, had a quarter-deck, and the second-floor hall had been designated by Chaplain Rafferty as his. It was a primary task of the Duty Chaplain to keep a sharp eye on Chaplain Rafferty's office door and, whenever he came out of it, to jump to attention and shout—bellow at the top of his lungs, so that everyone in the vast corridor could hear—"ATTENTION ON DECK!" He was then to freeze to attention, and everybody else on the quarter-deck would likewise freeze until Chaplain Rafferty, with equal gusto, roared, "CARRY ON!"

ON the day of my encounter with the enemy, I had the

GARDNER REA

"I beg pardon, but am I correct in thinking that the scent you're wearing is Invitation?"

Duty from 2 P.M. to 6 P.M. (or, as the Navy put it, from 1400 to 1800 hours). By 3:30 P.M. (1530), most of the chaplains on the teaching staff had gone home (or "secured"), since there were no further activities scheduled for that afternoon. At about 3:35, a light flashed on the switchboard, and I flipped the switch and answered.

"Is that you, Brown?" The voice was clipped and, I thought, a little strained.

"Yes," I said.

"Listen," the voice, which I recognized as belonging to a Southern Baptist student chaplain, went on. "There's a senator from the Navy Appropriations Committee on his way to look the school over. Something about funds. He and Rafferty will be coming to the main office. Rafferty'll blow his top if you look sloppy. I thought I'd better warn you. How's the crease in your pants?"

Feeling that a small rock pile had been deposited in the pit of my stomach, I replied that the crease in my pants was not very sharp, owing to Williamsburg's stifling heat, and that I would be extremely grateful if he would bring me a fresh pair. He agreed, and soon arrived, carrying not only fresh trousers but a clean shirt and a bottle of shoe polish as well. He even took over my post for me while I slipped into the men's room to spruce up for the senator.

By the time I was newly clad—looking, if I may say so, the picture of what a Duty Chaplain ought to be—H hour was near. My friend fled, and I found myself quite alone in the building. Apparently no one—not even a Southern Baptist—wanted to encounter Chaplain Rafferty with a senator in tow and full of zeal to display the rigor of Navy discipline at NTSch (Chaplains).

I now faced a genuine dilemma. I knew that as soon as Chaplain Rafferty and the senator came up the stairs and appeared on the quarter-deck it was my obligation to leap to attention, bellow "ATTENTION ON DECK!," and remain fixedly gazing at the wall opposite until released by the words "CARRY ON!" To make such a spectacle of myself in a room full of men was enough of a trial; to do it in a hall of considerable size, with no one else in it who might come to attention, was a cross I felt I could not bear. The senator would surely wonder what kind of imbecile was guarding the switchboard, and why the United States government was wasting good money training such people to watch over the spiritual welfare of the greatest bunch of men God ever created.

I tentatively decided to let the two of

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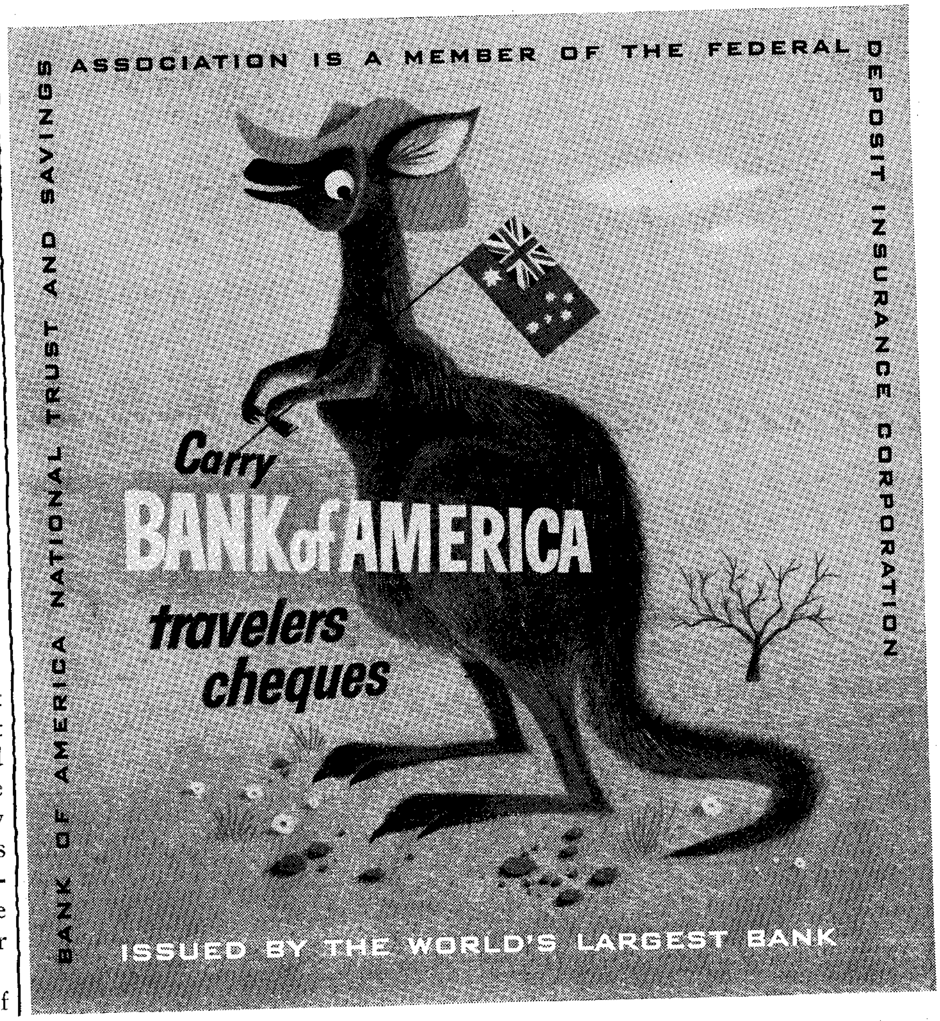
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them walk in silence across the few feet of quarter-deck that separated the stairs from Chaplain Rafferty's office. But as I heard them make their way across the lower hall and mount the steps ("climb the ladder"), a voice inside me kept saying, "Better do it by the book. Better to be a fool with the law on your side than play it smart just because the law makes you look like a moron."

This voice won out. After all, I would only have to do it twice—once when they came and once when they went. As the Chaplain and the senator touched the top step, I shouted with as much vigor as I could muster, "ATTENTION ON DECK!" The words echoed down the hall and returned, and however astonished the senator may have been, Chaplain Rafferty, engrossed in conversation, offhandedly, albeit very loudly, shouted back, "CARRY ON!"

I sat down and fiddled with the wires on the switchboard. Half done. Once more, and the ordeal would be over. But then I realized that I had rejoiced too soon. They had gone not into Chaplain Rafferty's office, as I had anticipated, but into one of the classrooms. I would have to repeat the formula when they came out and went into Rafferty's office, and I'd have to do it a third time when they left the office to go downstairs. Again I decided to play it by the book. As the Chaplain and the senator reappeared, I let forth another rousing "ATTENTION ON DECK!" and studied the molding on the opposite wall. All the nonexistent ranks of chaplains there in the hall froze to attention. I felt that I was beginning to understand the meaning of the phrase "the Church Invisible."

"CARRY ON!" shouted Chaplain Rafferty.

Two-thirds through; I would have to do it only once more. Then Chaplain Rafferty, instead of taking the senator into his office, took him into a second classroom. I had a presentiment of horror that quickly became a certainty. The senator was to be shown each room on the entire floor. There were still a dozen rooms left. It seemed unthinkable that I must shout "ATTENTION ON DECK!" twelve more times in that vast, empty corridor, but it seemed even more unthinkable that Chaplain Rafferty would overlook a failure to shout. I resolved the dilemma as before. Twelve times more, "ATTENTION ON DECK!" rang through the ghostly arena. Twelve times more, "CARRY ON!" came back with a volume surpassing my own.

MANY times since, I have tried to reconstruct the impression the senator must have got. I think it

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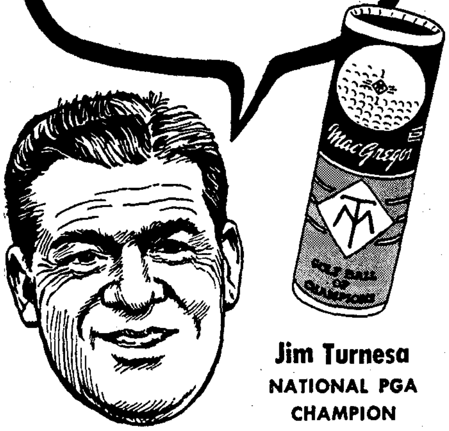

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followed some such pattern as this: "And here, Senator, is where we teach the chaplains Naval History ATTENTION ON DECK CARRY ON and give them a little indoctrination in Naval Tactics. Now, if you will come over here to the next ATTENTION ON DECK CARRY ON room, you will see where they receive instruction in civil laws to be observed when they are at a shore base. Then, if we can just ATTENTION ON DECK CARRY ON step over here, we can see the notes we give them on Naval letter writing, so that they . . ."

After the first few awful exchanges, I began to feel that I was becoming master of the situation. My "ATTENTION ON DECK!" became louder, my spring to attention more precise, my posture more erect, my contemplation of the molding more glazed, my whole demeanor more "regulation," and I felt that I was actually beginning to get on Chaplain Rafferty's nerves—that although he had invented this game, I had maneuvered him into the position of wanting to call it quits and not being able to do so without losing face. But such a crude victory, sweet though it was to my unregenerate soul, is not the victory that I now like to claim.

I like to feel, rather, that Chaplain Rafferty's annoyance at my correctness gradually wore off, and that before the fourteen entrances and exits were completed I had made him feel that we were both doing a good deed for the prestige, in Congressional circles, of the Chaplain Corps. And the thing that makes me willing to claim this minor but subtle victory is that as the two men emerged from the final room, and I shouted my last "ATTENTION ON DECK!" to the echoing hall, Chaplain Rafferty, who until then had studiously ignored my person, even though he could not ignore my voice, actually looked in my direction and said, "CARRY ON, CHAPLAIN!"

There was just the slightest hint of camaraderie in that spontaneous "CHAPLAIN," just the slightest suggestion of spiritual kinship, and I felt sure he was trying to say that we were on the same side, after all—that together we had given the senator a good show ("taut watch").

Of course, what the senator was thinking I have no idea.

—ROBERT MCAFEE BROWN

•

DEAR EDITOR:

Is Margaret Truman photogenic?

Answer—Yes. She is a better looking woman than the photographs show.

—*Oakland (Calif.) Downtowner.*

Next question.

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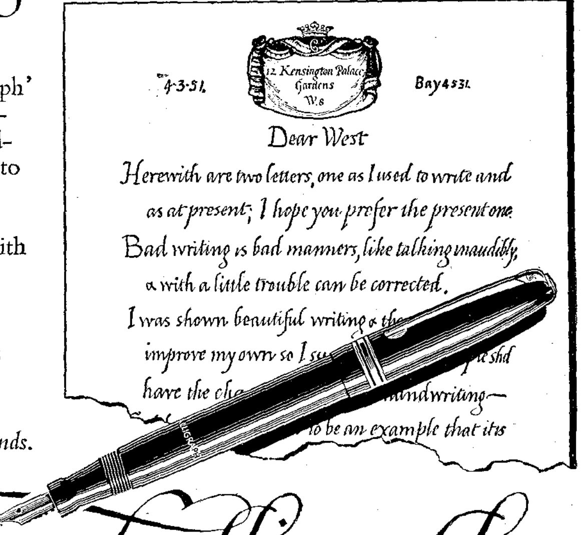

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Dear West

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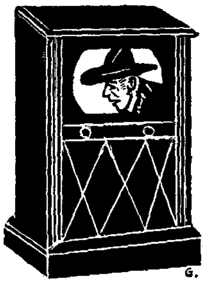
In the Good Old Summer Time



Ben Hecht has taken to writing for the tiny screen, and the first production of what has been announced as a bi-weekly series, "Tales of the City," was presented a week ago Thursday over C.B.S. Mr. Hecht's initial contribution, a half-hour play, contained some of the juiciest, most full-flavored prose that it has been my privilege to listen to since I first lighted up the wonderful magic box. "Tales of the City" was a story of that fabulous metropolis, New York, New York, the big, brawling, sprawling aspects of which, you can be sure, did not escape Mr. Hecht's attention. Not only did he write an introduction to "Tales of the City"—a sort of paean to the Big Town—but he delivered it himself. "The biggest crowds there are roll out of this dicebox of a town," he said with emphasis. "You can read 'em and weep—or laugh. What a city for stories! Robin Hood on a stretcher, Galahad in a delicatessen, Captain Kidd on a tugboat, Beau Brummell with a hangover but always in the height of fashion, D'Artagnan dodging a taxicab. And music all the while . . ." I rather hoped, after this carrot, that Mr. Hecht would tell the story of Galahad in the delicatessen—a situation I hadn't thought about before Mr. Hecht brought it up, but one that I now can't get out of my mind. Galahad in a delicatessen! Chivalry at a nickel a *shtickle!*

Well, Mr. Hecht decided against Galahad, and Captain Kidd, and D'Artagnan weaving his way through traffic. Instead, he set forth a small tale of a Cedar Rapids cattle raiser, a chap called Tom Anderson, and his wife, née Emily Hobbs, who come to spend a vacation in New York—"the skyscraper champion of the world, the city without a heart." They are a lovely, clean-cut young couple, and we see them first in the plane that is bringing them to the skyscraper champ. Mrs. Anderson is soliloquizing. She wishes that the plane would make a crash landing, and that she would break a leg and thus have a legitimate excuse not to see anybody during her stay in New York. She has a guilty conscience. "Oh, Lordy," she says to herself, "what am I going to do when he finds out his perfect wife is a phony and a liar?" "Thar she blows, Emily," says Tom. "Little Old New York. Excitin', eh?" Mrs. Anderson's guilt, it develops, is the result of her having come to New York before her marriage in search of work in the theatre, following acting triumphs at the University of Iowa. Her search was eminently unrewarding, but she wrote letters back to her folks in which she pretended that she was living a madcap, successful life in New York, telling them of the steady round of parties she attended and of the literary and theatrical celebrities who were her chums. She has, of course, also told her husband all about these famous friends, and she is now deathly afraid he will discover that she knows no one, but no one, in the Big Town.

Once the Andersons have checked into a hotel, she has Tom get hold of the house physician, a Dr. Wollitch, and she tells him her dreary tale. Doc Wollitch has a heart of gold, so he informs her husband that she has a severe migraine headache and requires complete rest. Tom makes the best of a bad situation. He ambles about the city and takes in the sights. (He tells her, incidentally, not to worry about not introducing him to her famous friends, since "I fell in love with you because you were the first thoroughly honest human being I met that is of the opposite sex.") Tom wanders into a hotel bar one day, and meets up with a man called Patrick Costello, a playwright. Mr. Costello is a highly articulate and literary fellow. When Tom invites him to have a drink, Costello becomes bug-eyed and says, "Good Lord—a fellow-human who speaks to me! Openly, in front of witnesses! Take note, bartender, and pour me a double Scotch." Costello, it seems, has just written a play that has been brutally scuffed by the critics. "Have you ever had commerce with the dramatic critics of New York?" Mr. Costello asks Tom. "No," says Tom. "Consider yourself blessed," says Mr. Costello. Tom tells Costello that he is married to the celebrated Emily Hobbs, the actress, and that he knows Costello knows Emily because Emily has said so many nice things about him. Costello decides to pretend that he does know Emily. Tom thinks it would be fun to have a little surprise dinner for her. Costello says sure; he can round up lots of her old friends, the *crème* of New York theatrical circles. Tom goes off to fetch Emily.

The scene shifts to a restaurant called Perugi's, an establishment owned and operated by a thickset, cosmopolitan fellow who kisses the hands of all lady customers as they enter. He also says things like "Warm bread! Garlic on the crust! Red wine!" Costello brings in some of his pals, including two actresses and a producer. Emily arrives with her husband, and everyone pretends to know her. The conversation becomes extremely metropolitan. Emily suddenly realizes that these people are false, and that she is fortunate never to have known them at all. She slips off to dance with Tom and confesses that she has fabricated the entire story. "Emily," says Tom, "they weren't really lies, darling, just daydreams that were a little delayed in coming true." "What a wonderful husband!" says Emily. "And what a wonderful town!" "New York!" intoned Mr. Hecht at the end. "The city with a price tag for a soul and a neon light for a heart."

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

THE MYSTERIOUS, REMORSEFUL EAST

[*From the Tokyo Shipping Gazette*]

Japan will export 300 tons of frozen meat of bull frogs during the 1953-54 fiscal year.

The amount for export was fixed at last week's meeting of the frogs division of the Japan Frozen Food Exporters Association here.

Because of the excessive frog hunting during the mating season in ponds and marshes as well as rice paddies across the country ever since the end of the war the population of bull frogs in Japan has dropped sharply, especially in the western part of Japan with Yamaguchi Prefecture at the center.

In view of this pessimistic prospect, leading members of the frogs division decided to cut the amount of frog meat to be shipped abroad during the current fiscal year to only 300 tons, and agreed at the same time to refrain from competing bitter by against each other in catching as many frogs as possible in the shortest possible time to get a larger slice of the fixed export quota.

Demonstrating their undying guilty complex Shimonoseki frog catchers in Yamaguchi Prefecture hold a memorial service for millions of the souls of departed bull frogs according to a Buddhist rite toward the middle of last month, it will be recalled.

•

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(Score 3 for questions answered Yes.)

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2. Do you try to be cooperative and helpful to neighbors, fellow workers, newcomers or stranglers?—*Wells Carr in the Post.*

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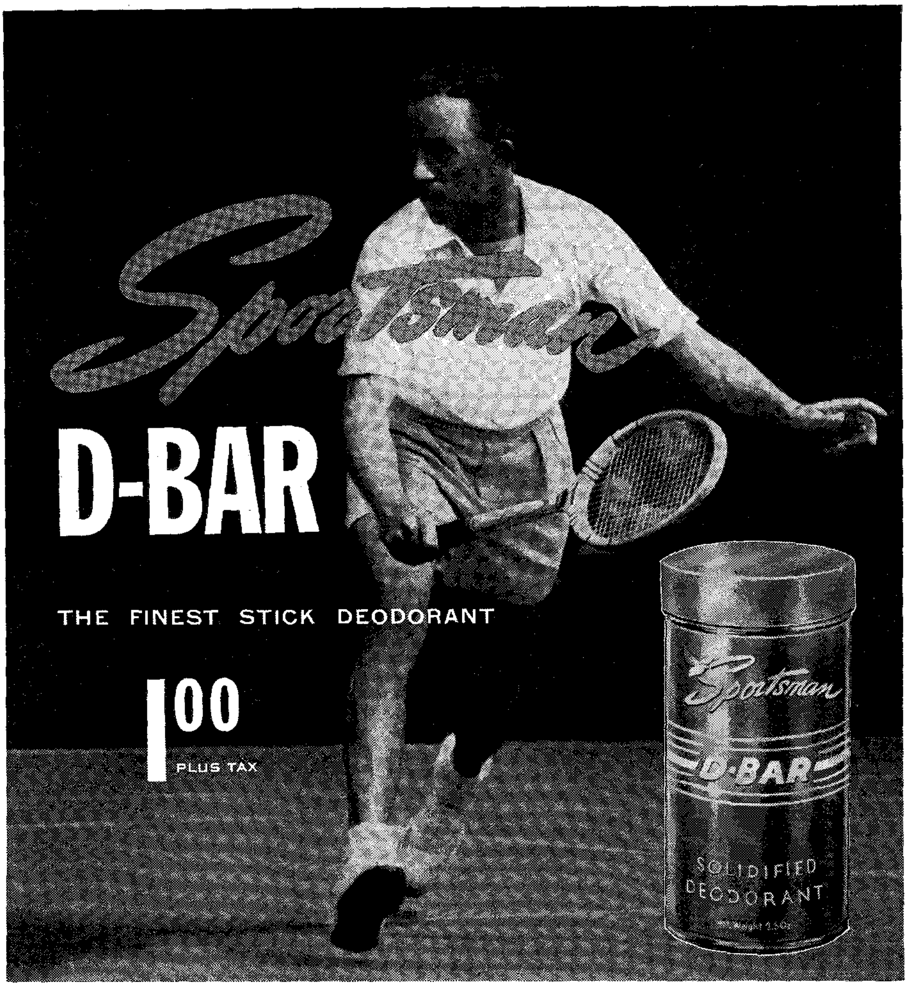

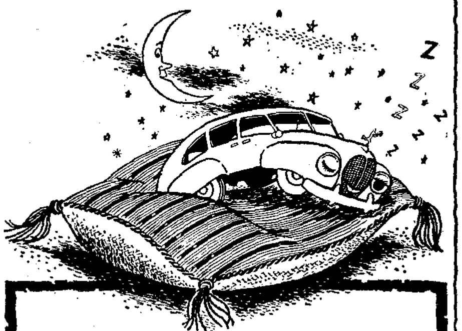

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THE RACE TRACK

Delaware Plum

FEW important races have been introduced with less hurrah than the New Castle Handicap, for fillies and mares three years old and upward, which slid into the Eastern schedule with the opening of Delaware Park, in 1937, and ever since has been an entertaining event. Two years ago, the Delaware Steeplechase and Race Association increased the prize money to $50,000, and this summer made it $100,000. Such a substantial bouquet to the sex, which not so awfully long ago was looked upon as just a necessary evil, delighted owners and breeders. Well, the New Castle was run off last weekend, closing a successful meeting with a bang, and, as had been rather expected, it was won by Mrs. B. F. Whitaker's three-year-old Grecian Queen. Carrying a hundred and fourteen pounds—high weight for her age—she took the lead after going about four furlongs of the mile and a quarter, and went on to win, with something to spare, from Devilkin. My Celeste was third. A big disappointment to everybody, I'm sure, was the mishap to Kiss Me Kate, the winner last year; she went lame in a workout the morning of the race and probably won't run again. As for Grecian Queen, she deserves top marks, and so does Jim Conway, who trains her, for she's not a robust animal and sometimes takes days to recover from an apparently commonplace effort. The New Castle was her sixth victory in eight starts this season, and her share of the purse, $84,600, brought her earnings for the year to $178,175. It's a long time since a filly her age has done so well.

Delaware Park is one of the more attractive racecourses in the East, and is as easy to get to from New York as the Jersey tracks are; I'd like to spend more time there than I do, and I wish they had an autumn meeting.

FROM what I saw on television, and from what I heard about it, Native Dancer's race in the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday had all the excitement of a routine morning exercise and all the breathless suspense of a walkover. I'm sure none of the owners of the four other three-year-olds was optimistic enough to hope for anything but second, third, or fourth money. Still, it wasn't such a bad deal. Second money was $10,000, third $5,000, and fourth $2,500. As you've probably heard, Native Dancer merely galloped along uninterestedly until he turned in to the stretch; then he took the lead and won by a couple of lengths. His share of the purse was $38,100, and even his overcritical critics agreed that it was pretty easy pickings. The Dwyer wasn't entirely without incident, though. Dictar, who finished second, crowded Guardian II during the run through the stretch and was disqualified, after which Guardian II was placed second, By Zeus third, and Landlocked fourth. Native Dancer's next start will be a week from Saturday in the Classic Stakes at Arlington Park, in Chicago, and after that he'll go to Saratoga Springs for a short rest and a whirl at the Travers Stakes on August 15th. Bill Winfrey has done a fine job keeping Native Dancer in such exceptional condition for such a long time; the colt has been in training for nearly six months and looks better now than he did when he came here from California in March. He is what I call a lucky horse. So many things can happen to a good colt, and he's escaped them all. But I'm still knocking wood.

THERE was a lot of racing all over the place last week, but not a great deal of it will be remembered this time next month. One item that will be, I fancy, is the behavior of Maine Chance Farm's previously unbeaten filly Incidentally in the Astoria Stakes at Aqueduct. She bolted shortly after the start, then appeared to sulk, and finally finished lengths behind W. Goadby Loew's Case Goods, the winner, who might be a runner. Maybe Incidentally didn't like the track, because five days later she won a division of the Colleen Stakes at Monmouth easily enough. . . . I can't say I was enchanted by the runaway victory of Wheatley Stable's Quick Lunch in the Tremont Stakes at Aqueduct on Wednesday. I think Fisherman, a colt by Phalanx, who the day before won by lengths after a poor start, can beat him doing anything.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Ever since "How to Grow African Violets" was published Miss Rector has been getting letters from readers, most of whom asked her questions about African violets.
—*Publishers' Weekly.*

Always an idiot fringe in anybody's mail.

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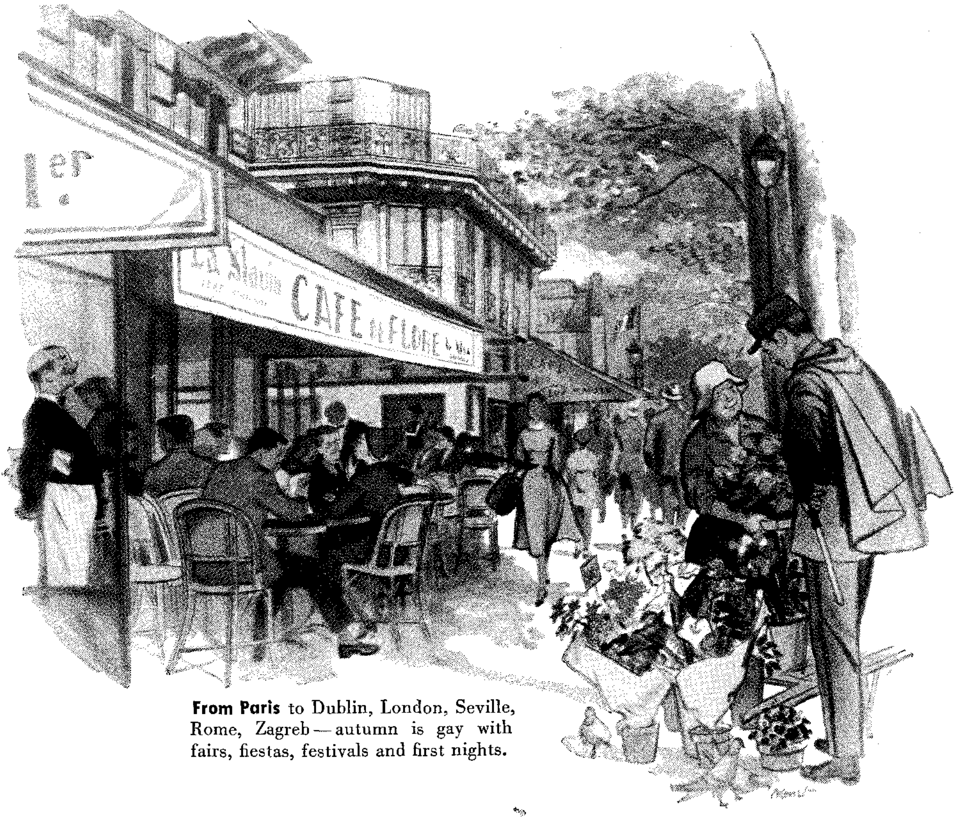
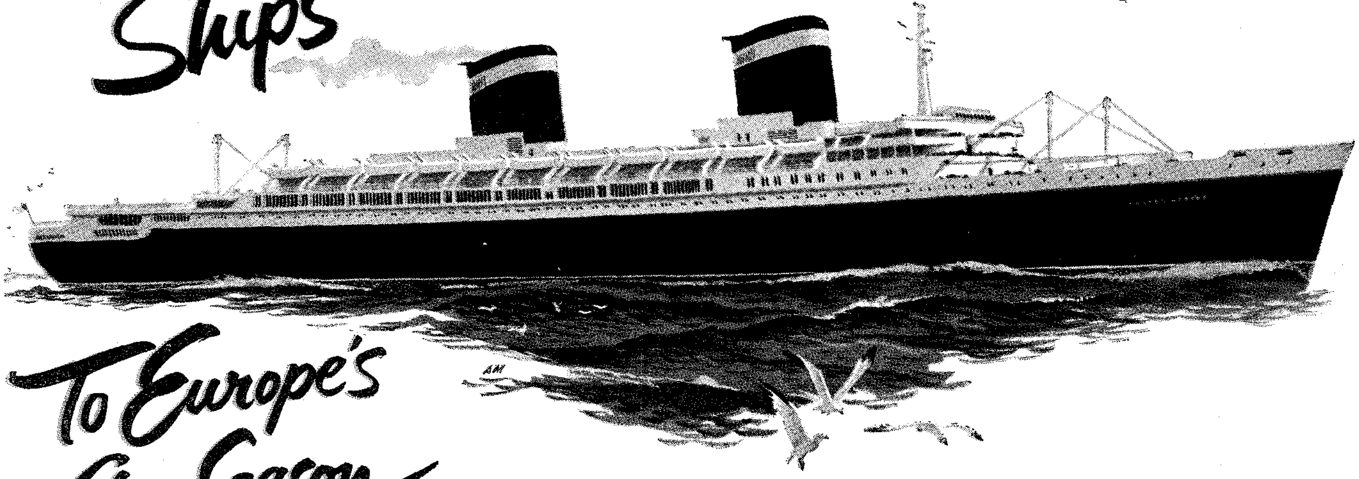


From Paris to Dublin, London, Seville, Rome, Zagreb — autumn is gay with fairs, fiestas, festivals and first nights.



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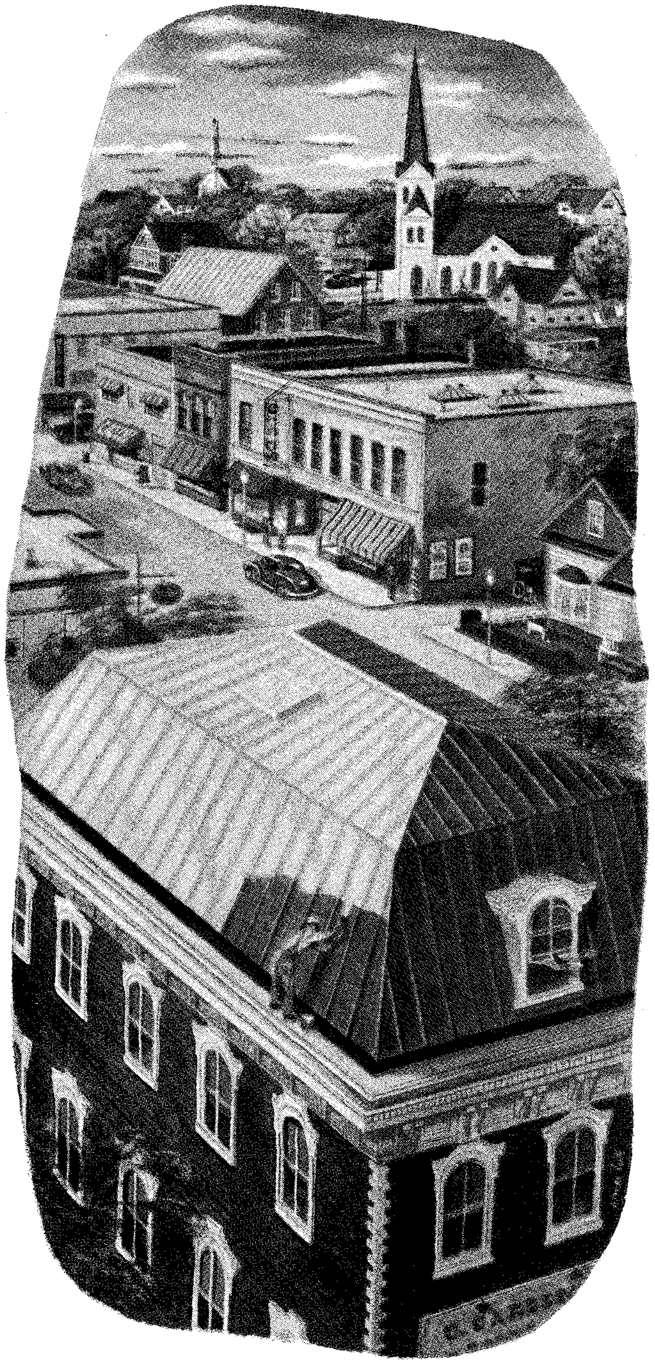

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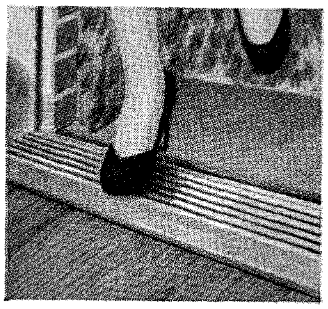

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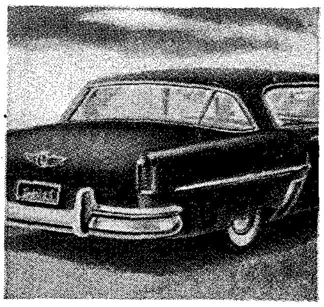

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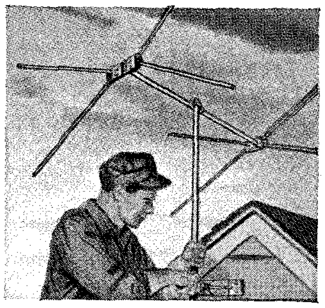

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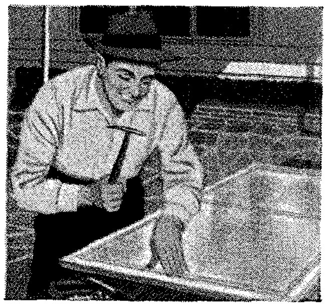

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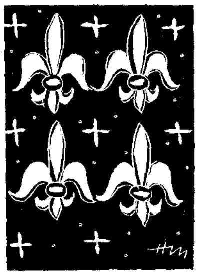
LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 30

IF—as was certainly not the case—France had been able to afford her recent record-breaking five-week political crisis, during which she was without a government, the crisis would have done almost nothing but good because it so harmed the present kind of parliamentary regime in the estimation of the French people. Unbearably costly as the crisis was in lost prestige and even financially, it seems, at any rate, to have proved to France's citizens a fact they had to make sure of, once and for all—that the present constitution absolutely must be reformed, so Parliament will *not* have the power to do again what it has just been doing, and so the executive will be able to sit in the seat of state long enough to govern. According to experts, if anything is sure right now in French politics, after the incomprehensible choice of an obscurity like the Calvados deputy Joseph Laniel as Premier, it is that Parliament will undertake a revision of the constitution, if only to save itself from possible dissolution.



The outstanding salutary human element to emerge during the critical month was the bold, harsh intelligence and the uncompromising personality of the youngish politico Pierre Mendès-France, as revealed in his unaccepted program for saving the country through economic and social reforms. Plenty of French have got into the habit of thinking that their country cannot be saved. Mendès-France's program, outlined in the speech he delivered in Parliament when he was trying to get support for his bid for the Premiership, set a standard by which all other programs have since been judged. Though the parliamentary majority turned his program down, millions of French accepted it in their own minds and remember it as the one notable declaration among the millions of words of *blah-blah-blah* (French for "yackety-yack") spoken here. A lawyer and a banker trained by the Rothschilds, yet a representative of the younger-generation reform wing in the liberal, if money-conscious, old Radical Socialist Party, Mendès-France remains the dominant figure of the crisis and, with luck, he could be the new leading man of France, which certainly still needs one.

The crisis reminded one of Alice and the Red Queen when they started running, not to get anywhere but merely to stay on the same spot. With the crisis ended, France is just where she was before it began, though more winded. As ex-Premier Antoine Pinay, one of the unsuccessful candidates, remarked bitterly, there are two hundred and five Marxists on one side of the Assembly, and, on the other, four hundred and twenty-two anti-Marxist deputies, whom it is impossible to pull together into an unselfish, non-party national coalition that could put France back on her feet. And as the right-wing Socialist afternoon paper *France-Soir* pointed out, still to be solved are France's interior and exterior financial deficits, the European Army problem, the Indo-China war, the Moroccan troubles, rising unemployment, inadequate salaries, a stagnant economy, investment difficulties, and insufficient housing. The height of Parisian editorial indignation at Parliament's feeble choice of the inexperienced new Premier—after its five weeks of lionlike roaring—was reached by the independent *Combat.* "The cowardly relief felt by the deputies in seating M. Laniel is not shared by the rest of the country," it fulminated. "They are making another grave mistake if they think it is."

During the five critical weeks, the Paris newspapers kept printing, if merely from habit, what the parliamentarians thought about politics. Only one paper extensively printed what the French citizens thought about Parliament. This was *L'Express*, the new Paris political weekly edited by Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, who previously was one of the noted younger political experts writing for *Le Monde*. What he printed in *L'Express* was a culling from the famous regular reports on what the French feel and think about life and politics which are gathered (according to a shrewd system started by Napoleon Bonaparte) by the prefects' offices in each of the ninety departments of France; the reports are sent to Paris and boiled down into a synthesis, which is available to three officials—the President of France, the Premier, if there is one, and the Minister of the Interior. *L'Express's* own editorial analysis of its selection of nationwide prefectural reports was that the French are so sick of Parliament they might even accept some single leader to save France "if only he gives an impression of being honest, brutal, and courageous." Unquestion-

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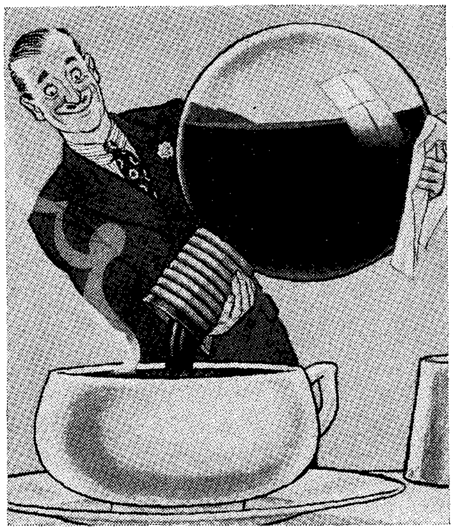

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ably most of the citizens' opinions, as represented in the prefects' reports, were scathing. In and around Rouen, people wrote three times the average budget of monthly letters, all full of complaints. They charged that their deputies had shilly-shallied deceitfully in abstaining from voting on all the candidates for Premier put before Parliament, and in not stating clearly on the Assembly floor whether they were for or against Mendès-France's program, and why. They also said that Parliament ought to be dissolved, but only after passing an electoral reform, since "otherwise the same deputies would turn up again and the muddles would continue." In Compiègne, a leading citizen declared that "the deeply disgusted French people demand a dictator with a pitchfork and broom." In Boulogne, a businessmen's petition asked that "the nation choose new representatives, who would really work to restore France." In Lyon, home of Parliament's president, old Édouard Herriot, there was an increased wave of antiparliamentarianism. In the northern coal region, workers thought the high cost of living more important than politicians, "who never change anyhow." In the south, the major theme was again dissolution of Parliament, preceded by electoral reforms to prevent the reëlection of "*les incapables*," along with prophecies of serious social troubles this autumn if there is not a new government atmosphere and crew. The prize reaction to the crisis came from a citizen of Marseille, who wrote to President Auriol (the President declared that his bulging private letter bag showed him how dangerous and profound is the malaise of the French people) demanding the dissolution of Parliament and of all eleven political parties in favor of a tricolor format of only three authorized groups: a blue party for the Republicans, or right; a white party for the center; and a red party for all the left. It was a sensible, if impossible, plan.

The major post-crisis worry now is just plain money. According to the caretaker government's report, the crisis cost France the equivalent of two hundred and eighty million dollars in unfloated loans and other losses. The state coffer is bare and is taking another massive loan from the Banque de France to pay state employees their end-of-June salaries. What the French people now want to know is by which of the two customary agonies will the deficit be met—by extra taxation or by printing more inflationary money.

Obviously, France has had so much

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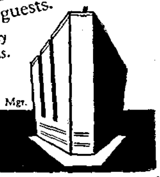

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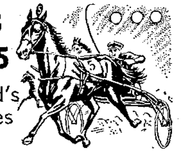

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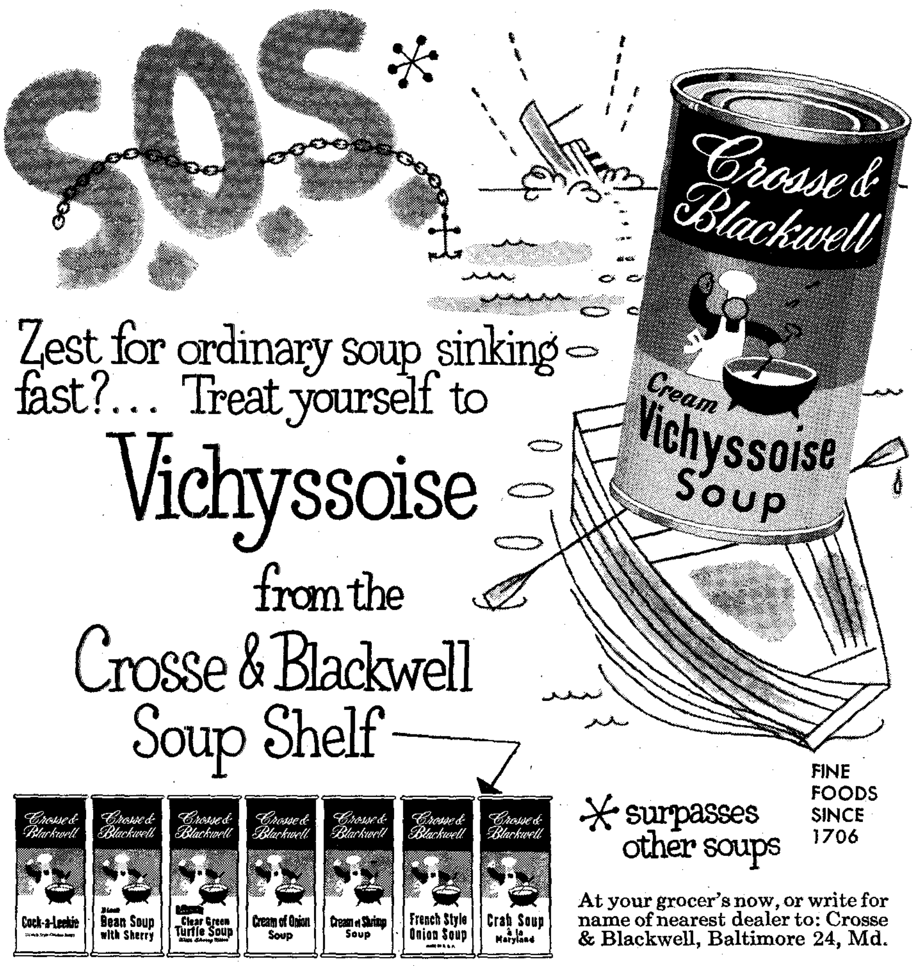
history that it necessarily keeps repeating itself. Apropos of today's terrible deficit, there has been recalled, like an echo from the past, Louis XVI's financial dilemma, during which Marie Antoinette supposedly asked the Royal Finance Minister, "What will you do about the deficit, Monsieur le Ministre?" "Nothing, Madame," he replied. "It is too serious."

THE Soviet violinist David Oïstrakh, officially described by his government as Russia's greatest, was enthusiastically accepted here, after his concert at the Palais de Chaillot, as one of the great performers from any land. A stranger to Paris musicians and an inaugural export in the new relaxed Malenkov policy toward the West, he packed the theatre, the largest in town, with political comrades, with music lovers, and with curiosity seekers. Oïstrakh is a nice-looking, big, blond, stocky Ukrainian with an undershot lower lip and extremely long, lithe fingers, which, as regards his left hand, may explain his impeccably accurate tone. He keeps his bow arm close to his side, produces a *gamme* of sounds that are beautiful—especially the soft ones, including unscratched pianissimi in alt—and displays no folderol mannerisms. Of the three concertos he played, the opening one, Mozart's No. 5, was unfortunately led like a cart horse by Jacques Thibaud, exceptionally directing the Conservatoire Orchestra, which was afterward vigorously managed by Manuel Rosenthal. The final work, a Khatchaturian concerto dedicated to the player, was a good-natured, folksy affair, with an amorous *valse lente* as its *andante sostenuto*, which, by giving merely entertainment, could offer no notion of Oïstrakh's important qualities. It was in between the two, in Brahms' Opus 77, that he presented his rich, complete musical report. Controlled and unified, his emotional interpretation seemed universal as well as particular; his musicianship serious, learned, and positive; and his technique a matter of almost luxurious ease, but used unobtrusively and without the counterfeit of tricks. At the concert's end, he received an ovation, the audience clapping without pause for a quarter hour, until he delicately played, with more courtesy to France than to musical taste, a violin arrangement of Debussy's "Clair de Lune." According to the program notes, Oïstrakh, who wore his Stalin Prize medal pinned to his evening clothes, was born in 1908 in Odessa, the son of an opera-chorus singer, and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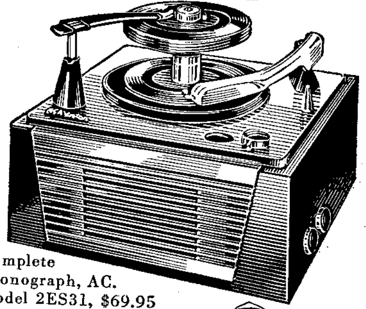
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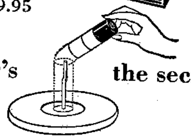

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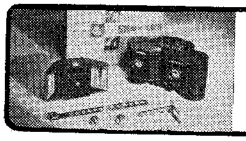
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was a pupil of Pyotr Stoliarsky, who seems to have trained all the past generation of Soviet violinists. Since 1934, Oïstrakh has taught at the Moscow Conservatory. At his concert, he played a Stradivarius bestowed on him by the Soviet government.

The rest of the Soviets' unexpected participation in musical events here worked out rather unevenly. A young Soviet pianist, Evgeny Malinine, won a second prize in the Marguerite Long-Jacques Thibaud annual competition, which this year has achieved more importance, more publicity, and more power to make careers than the poor old Conservatoire. A Soviet girl violinist, Nelly Chkolnikova, walked off with the Long-Thibaud international first prize, but her scheduled concert at the Salle Pleyel was a blank. She never showed up. No explanation was given.

A Russian musician of a different color made the other big musical news here recently. Igor Stravinsky's Hogarthian opera "The Rake's Progress" has just been installed in the repertory of the Opéra Comique as "Le Libertin," and got very mixed critical appreciation. Nowadays, Paris cares only for Stravinsky's early works, which it used to boo, like "Le Sacre du Printemps," whose première caused a fashionable riot. Stravinsky's fame was created in Paris in connection with the Diaghilev Ballets Russes, around 1910, and Paris regards as his major compositions only those works that were first performed here, up through "Les Noces." It is less enthusiastic about his ecclesiastical period, which reached its peak in 1930 in Brussels with the première of "La Symphonie des Psaumes," and has been polite about but indifferent to his subsequent American epoch. Among today's Parisian composers, a worldly group with considerable influence in elegant circles of critical taste, Mlle. Nadia Boulanger—a diehard Stravinskian, as are, naturally, her pupils—was the leading admirer of "Le Libertin." Henri Sauguet liked it better on second hearing, and Francis Poulenc reportedly didn't like it at all until the second time. Left to themselves, Parisians liked best the dramatic last act, and particularly Anne's exquisite *berceuse*, which was regarded as a masterly composition. Georges Wakhevitch's costumes were surprisingly unattractive and his sets superb. The reasons for his having become the leading stage designer of Paris were especially clear in "Le Libertin," where he showed both his painstaking architectural sense, as in his London street

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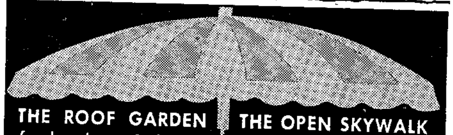
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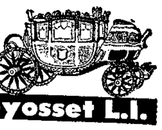
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scene, with its steeples and inn signs pallidly painted, to resemble an old lithograph, and his talent for imaginative visual accompaniment to text or action, as in the morbidity of his graveyard set and the startling realism of his Bedlam scene. "Le Libertin" has been drawing fashionable audiences, who will disappear on holiday now that the Grande Saison de Paris is finished.

SINCE American libraries abroad have become literally a burning question, it is of interest that the American Library in Paris, a private, not a governmental, affair in the Rue de Téhéran, has just announced the opening of its sixth out-of-town French branch, at Nantes, in what was the magnificent eighteenth-century Palais de la Bourse, which was nearly wiped out by air bombardment during the war and has been rebuilt in its ancient shape. The Nantes library specializes in American scientific and technical books in English or in translation, and—like the other branches, at Toulouse, Roubaix, Rennes, Montpellier, and Grenoble—is an offspring of the first library, which was founded in Paris after the First World War with a collection of books sent to the A.E.F. soldiers. During this last war, the Rue de Téhéran library was reportedly the only one in Nazi-occupied France where English books could be freely perused. —GENÊT

•

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Fair enough.

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FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Mount Holyoke Alumnae Quarterly*]

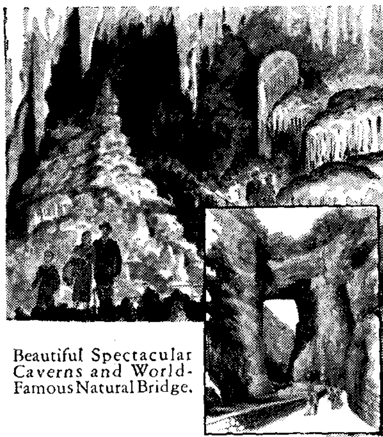
Our youngest reported small fry is Stanley, son of Erwin and Lucretia Hildreth Saxl, born in June, 1952. Lucretia has two other children, 4 and 5, and is associated with her husband, who is a physicist.

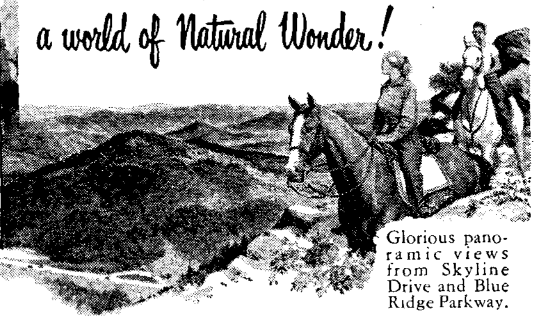
•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "All I Could Never Be," by Beverley Nichols*]

We may learn, any day, that some peroxide horror has been offered a million dollars to make a film of the life of Patti, squawking the mad scene from *Lucia* against a technicolored reproduction of Vesuvius. But nobody is likely to make a film about Melba. For which, in all humility, I thank God.





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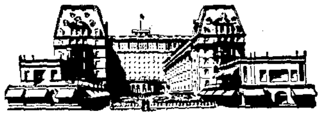

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CANDLE'S GLORY, by Sylvia Thompson (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Miss Thompson has attempted to build a novel out of the sudden death of a young Englishwoman, Mary Fanshawe, by describing the effect of her death on the people directly connected with her. Among these people are a young daughter, a lover, an ex-lover, an ex-husband, an elderly American couple, and an elderly Frenchwoman. There is not one among them who is not thoroughly realized, and their encounters and intrigues are described with intelligence and wit. Unfortunately, Mary's personality is as indefinite at the end of the book as it was at the beginning, with the result that the story falls apart for want of a center. If Miss Thompson had been able to convey some impression of the power Mary is supposed to have had, or if she had been able to convince us of her enigmatic quality, it would be a different matter, but all we get is a vague picture of a wholesome, rather stuffy young woman, who sometimes behaved in a manner that would seem, from the bits of evidence presented, to have been quite contradictory to her nature. The story is set in England and France.

THE DEEP SIX, by Martin Dibner (Doubleday). This story of a Navy ship in wartime is written gently and carefully and with emotion that is real, although somewhat facile. The hero, Lieutenant Austen, a painter in civilian life, is in love with an addlepated girl named Stella, and spends a good deal of his time remembering her. The rest of the crew fall into standard attitudes of bitterness, brutality, despair, and toughness, and the ending is just a full stop, with nothing really exposed or solved.

THE SISTERS MATERASSI, by Aldo Palazzeschi (Doubleday). The trouble with Remo, the figure around whom the Materassi sisters revolve and destroy themselves, is that he is good-looking and unprincipled and nothing more. A pretty calf or a prize cat could have been just as troublesome and expensive a household pet, and it is neither interesting nor tragic to see two middle-aged and presumably talented women wreck their lives on such a creature. The writing is arch, tolerant, and long-winded. The setting is a small town near Florence.

GENERAL

LOCKE'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE: 1675-1679, edited with an introduction and notes by John Lough (Cambridge). A handsome new presentation, designed for the general reader, of the journal kept by the great English philosopher and social historian during two long rambles through France in search of, among other things, a cure for his tuberculosis. Although, like earlier versions, this edition does not contain the whole of Locke's Continental jottings (the original text runs to a formidable fourteen hundred manuscript pages, much of it in shorthand), it is by far the most comprehensive rendering now available. (The editor assures us in his introduction that his deletions were largely confined to philosophical speculations, Biblical musings, and medical, monetary, and meteorological minutiae.) Locke was no Evelyn, and still less a Pepys, and his journal is not a particularly revealing personal document. It is, however—since he travelled with his eyes wide open, was in no hurry, and, most important, generally kept to the back roads and the back streets—an immensely readable one, and a period piece of almost inestimable value. Illustrated.

A NAME TO CONJURE WITH, by G. B. Stern (Macmillan). A new book of essays in the series that began with "Monogram." Miss Stern deals here with proper names—names of authors and their characters, befitting names, ill-fitting names, and just any old names at all—using them to set in motion the machinery of reminiscence and free association. Like the marble in a pinball game, the name pops into her mind and clicks around, lighting up thoughts and literary fancies, memories of the foibles of famous friends, and souvenirs of a vast reading; on one page, for example, you come across G. K. Chesterton, Polonius, and two Marxes—Karl and Groucho. This highly civilized babble is writing for the sake of writing and, for those who like that kind

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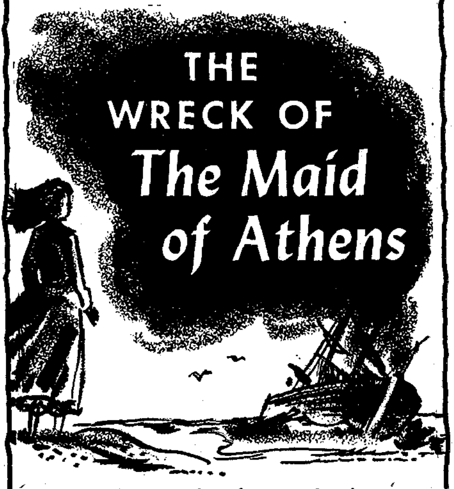
TWO WORLDS FOR MEMORY, by Alfred Noyes (Lippincott). Alfred Noyes has for years played a special role in the English literary world. In the period of Wells and Shaw, he represented the right-thinking middle-class Englishman whom these writers so often satirized and who was horrified by everything they said. He later performed the same service for the period of Eliot and Joyce. It is difficult to imagine the Sitwells without an Alfred Noyes to be shocked by them. Mr. Noyes' indignation against "Ulysses" made him go to a good deal of trouble to prevent its being praised on the B.B.C., and he even had Scotland Yard called out when he discovered that a copy was to be sold at an auction of Lord Birkenhead's library. Yet there will always, no doubt, be an Alfred Noyes as long as there is an England, and all that is admirable in such a man comes out in this book of memoirs. He is honorable, good-tempered, magnanimous, and singularly free from malice. He has also, unexpectedly, a very good sense of humor and tells some extremely funny stories.

CALL ME LUCKY, by Bing Crosby, as told to Pete Martin (Simon & Schuster). The life and good times of an easygoing man. As the title indicates, Mr. Crosby (or, perhaps, his able amanuensis) is persuaded that his spectacular success as an entertainer has been almost entirely accidental. "I started with no particular aim . . . [and] I haven't worked very hard," he tells us at the outset. "The things I've done are the things I've wanted to do. Doing them was no great sacrifice. And I've been heavily paid." He then proceeds to demonstrate this unusual thesis with a long, breezy, anecdotal review of the numerous missteps (an abortive fling at law in his native Tacoma which drove him into vaudeville, a well-earned bounce from the Paul Whiteman band that landed him in the Coconut Grove, a squabble there that led him into the movies) by which he mounted, swiftly and surely, to his present unshakable eminence. Pleasant, painless reading, but, for all its length, a little thin and, for all its genial candor, a little hollow. Many photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY, by Mignon G. Eberhart (Random House). When Arthur Travers, a rather devious oil operator, asks his young wife



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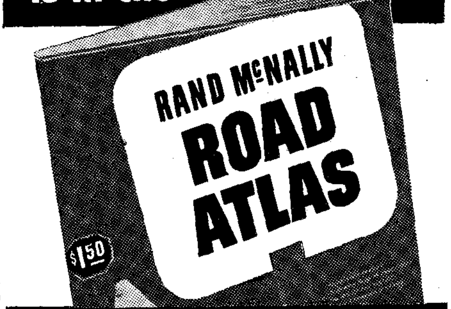

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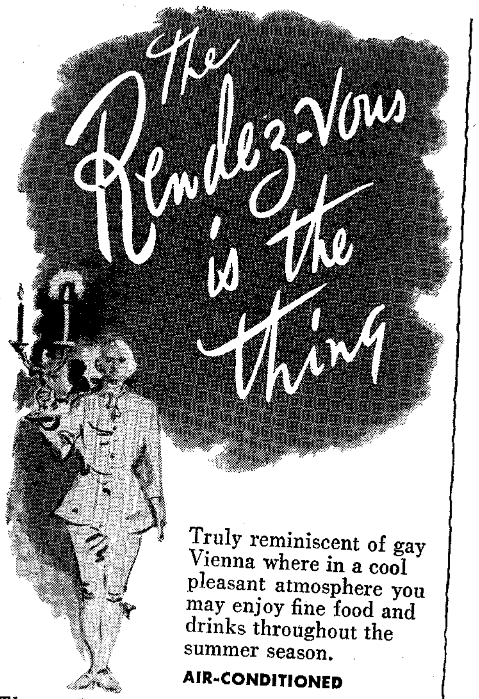
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to put up a man who will pose as him at their country place near New York for a week in his absence, she is both bewildered and reluctant. Travers is a plausible specimen, however, and when he tells her that the success of a secret government mission to which he has been assigned depends on this maneuver, she agrees. The events that follow are rather hard on her peace of mind. Word comes from San Francisco that a man thought to be Travers has been found stabbed in a park, the caretaker of the country estate and a mysterious prowler are murdered, and a beautiful adventuress turns up and accuses the heroine and her companion not only of being lovers but also of having killed Travers for his money. It is a pretty untidy situation all around, with hardly anybody being precisely what he seems, but Mrs. Eberhart is an old and accomplished hand at this sort of conundrum, and everything is explained satisfactorily enough in the end.

THE CAT WALK, by D. B. Olsen (Doubleday). Miss Rachel Murdock, one of the least exasperating of the little-old-lady sleuths, is employed this time to solve a puzzle that involves, among other things, a cryptic will, a haunted house, and an heir, one of five, who is oddly hesitant about claiming his inheritance. It all seems a rather puzzling but not very exciting business in the beginning, but presently a strange character, who chooses to be known as Mr. Cronk, falls or is pushed off a catwalk; the missing beneficiary is dismantled with an axe; one of the leading suspects tries to set the house on fire and then to commit suicide; and some important letters bearing on the will are stolen from their owners. Miss Murdock, of course, is not deceived by the various red herrings that are drawn across the trail and uncovers the villain.

•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Analysts Journal*]

North American Aviation has developed a machine that will, even if all occupants of a crashing airplane are killed, automatically record the conversation of the victims during flight.

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Miss Mary Sturtz was also honored that same evening as being the first student in the history of Garfield High to ever have 12 perfect attendance years without once being tarty.—*Jordan (Mont.) Tribune.*

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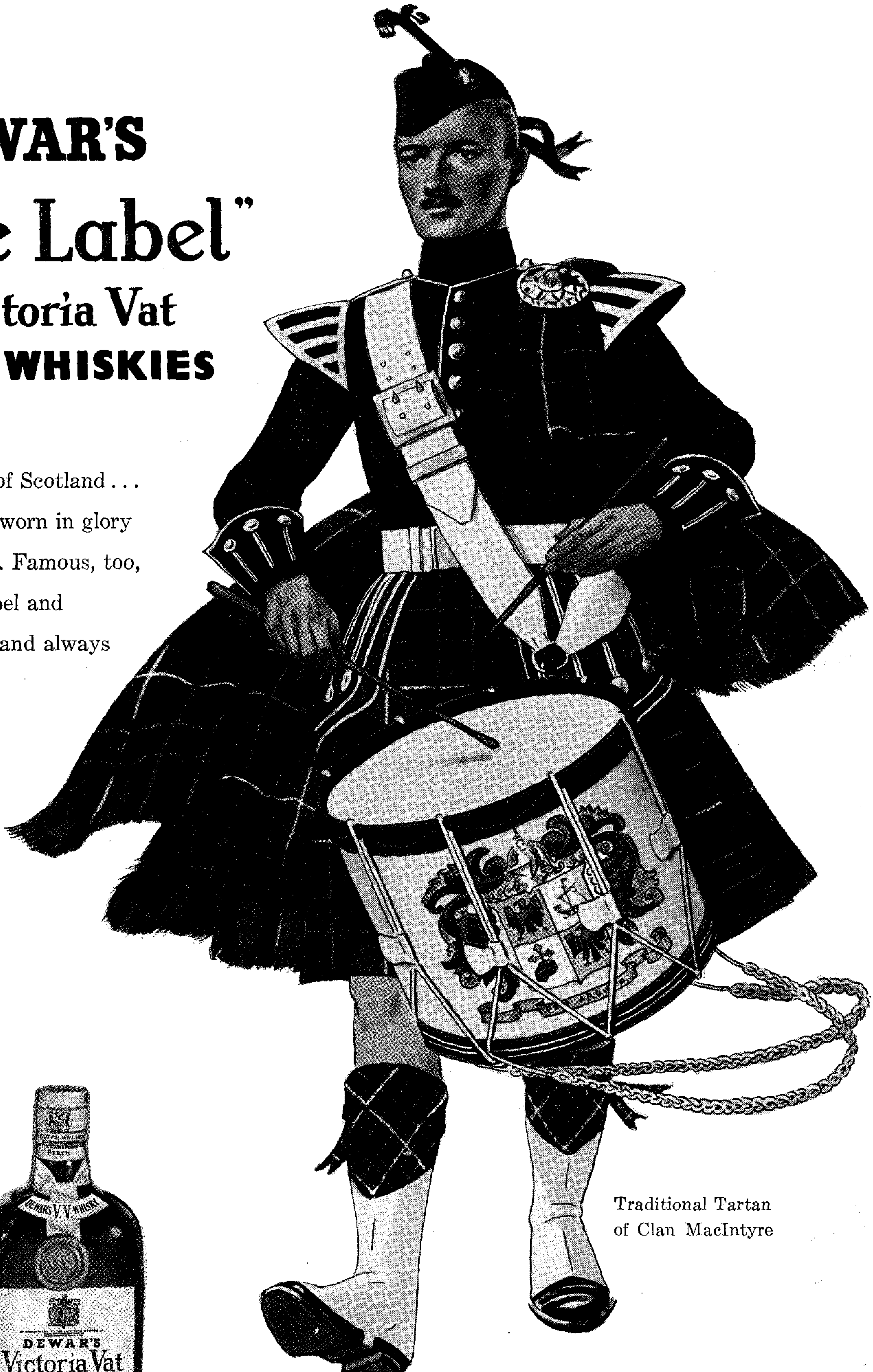

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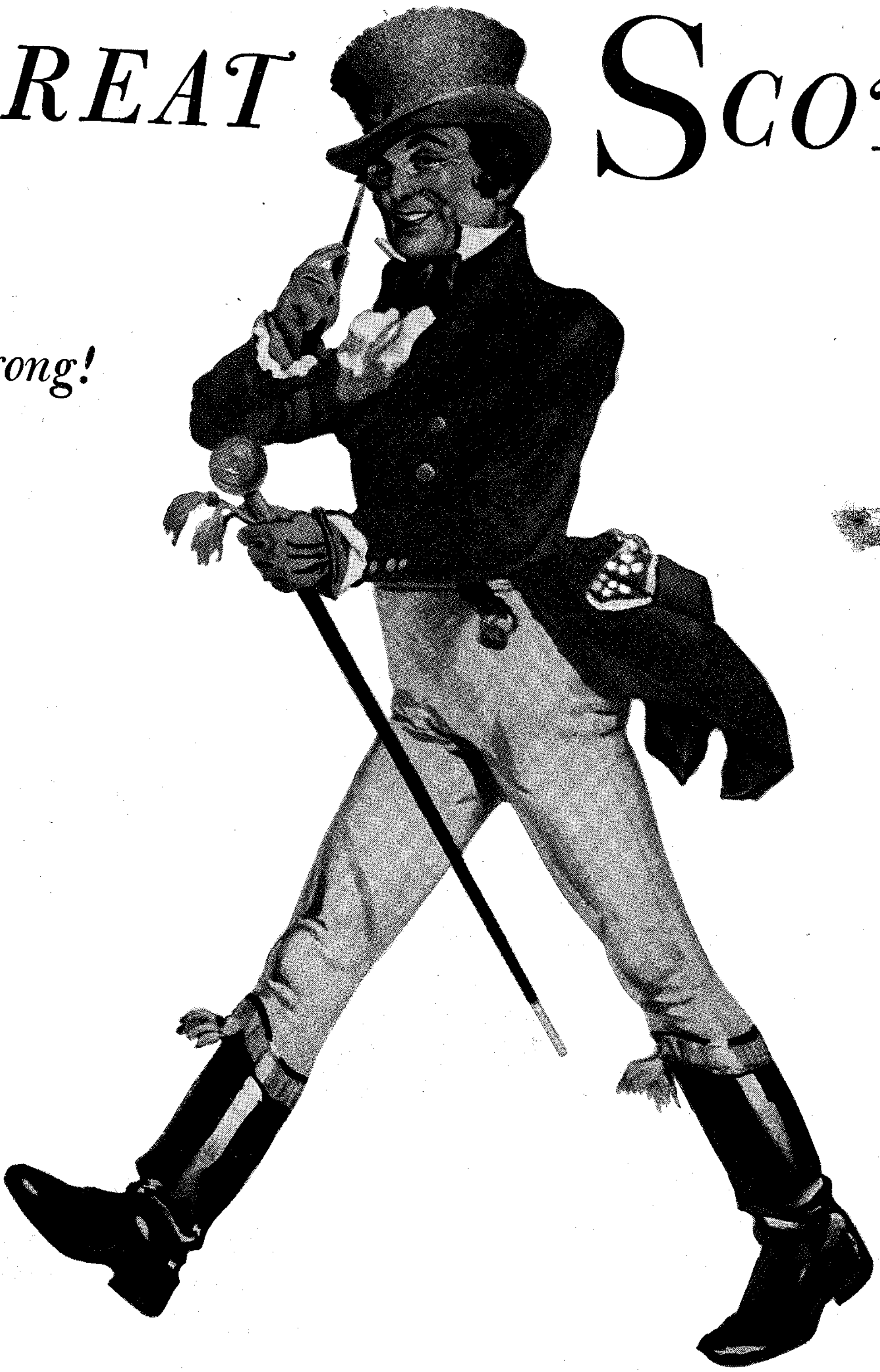

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